Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1801.

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THE BYSTANDER JUNE 22, 1938.

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Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

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Mannheim - Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

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Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with Lot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

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Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis Garage Pen. from Mks. 9

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(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

The Bystander

The Duchess of Kent at Ascot

What the Duchess of Kent wears to-day everyone else tries to wear next week; she has the flair for original and beautiful clothes that makes a genuine leader of fashion. At the moment her style is "Alexandrine," as becoming to her as it was to Queen Alexandra herself. On the first day at Ascot she wore a heavy white crêpe dress, with a little black velvet hat, romantically plumed with ostrich feathers. Next day she wore grey—her favourite colour this summer—and a grey felt hat, its austerity transformed into gaiety by its tilt and its panache of uncurled feathers at one side. She drove to the course in the semi-State procession with the Princess Royal, and Lord Frederick Cambridge and the Duke of Beaufort as escort

Civil War in the Russian Ballet: a Warning

The Outlook for the Future

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE great Russian Ballet merger we have been promised has apparently fallen through, at any rate for the time being (who knows what may happen even before this article appears ?). It would have given London the most brilliant ballet season since the war. As a result, the company this year, as at present announced, is the same as last year, with two important omissions, Danilova and Massine ; their importance, especially that of Massine with his dual role, will be more and more evident as the season progresses.

It is a shame, to put it very mildly, that with so much talent available at the moment ballet executives cannot forget themselves and their petty troubles—and the troubles are obviously petty ones, with a large public queuing up in front of Covent Garden, the Metropolitan, New York, and the Casino, Monte Carlo, to support ballet. As an experienced impresario said to me last week, " You don't have to be an artist to understand their troubles and certainly not a business man ; just a ward politician."

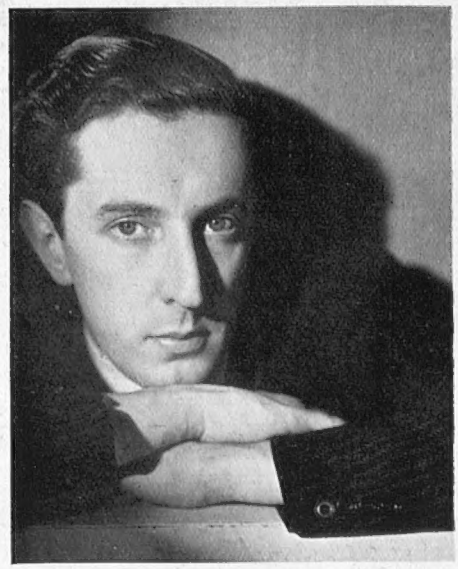
The sooner executives realise that the public is supremely indifferent to their personalities and only interested in what happens on the stage a real advance will have been made. It may be tedious to refer at all times to Diaghileff, but it is relevant, since present-day Russian Ballet lives on the capital accumulated by him, not only in repertoire but in the choreographic talent he found and exploited. Diaghileff and Lilian Baylis, so different in outlook and personality, both had one thing in common, the idealism which made them accomplish the impossible, while the leaders of ballet to-day cannot begin to accomplish the possible.

A PRELIMINARY leaflet issued from Covent Garden contains the altogether extraordinary statement that *La Boutique Fantasque* and *Le Tricorne* are to be shown in new versions by Frederick Ashton. This use of Ashton's name is a mistake, the kind of mistake that should never have occurred, and it has been indignantly repudiated by him, as I hope and believe it would be by any sincere artist. It is, however, alarming that such a notion could have occurred to anyone. Are the names such box-office attractions that any choregraphy will do ? Is the public so very easy to please ? These are almost Hollywood tactics where the title of some well-known novel is all that finally remains. But here the excuse is still less, and all ballet lovers would like to be assured that the whole thing is just a clerical error like the unfortunate use of Ashton's name.

THE Russian Ballet to-day is kept alive by England and America. In England it has the inestimable advantage of the expert advice of Bruce Ottley, Chairman of Covent Garden, a connoisseur if ever there was one, and the most disinterested friend Russian Ballet has had ; in America of Soloman Hurok, an impresario of vast experience and a true lover of the art. It is to these men that the warring elements must listen ; their one object is to give to their respective publics the very best that present-day ballet can provide. There are too many interested parties ever ready to give foolish and bellicose advice. One company has on its pay-roll some forty dancers and no fewer than seventeen executives, each one trembling for his job !

Tatiana Riabouchinska and Vera Nemtchinova

Were together at the first night of " Eresoïnka," the performance of folk dances and songs by the Basque company at the Aldwych, which is one of the most attractive, interesting and unusual entertainments London has seen for some time. This week Riabouchinska is dancing at Covent Garden, and it was rumoured that Nemtchinova might be going to join the company there



Anthony

Frederick Ashton

The Sadler's Wells choregrapher is to do a ballet for the Russian company this season, but not—and he himself denied it indignantly as soon as the suggestion was published—new versions of " La Boutique Fantasque " and " Tricorne "

THE company we are to see this season is still a strong one. Baronova (together with our own Fonteyn) stands high above the younger generation as an interpreter of classical roles ; Riabouchinska has created a *genre* and remains its only exponent ; Lichine is capable of thrilling performances ; Shabelevsky and Lazovsky stand high amongst male dancers. Also we may expect to see better quality in the dancing this year, since the company has been working hard with Fokine, the greatest disciplinarian of them all. Much is spoken of the promise of two newcomers, Natacha Sobinova and Alexandra Denisova (in reality Rosemary Deverson and Denise Mayer of Vancouver). Lichine has been working conscientiously and less hurriedly at his choregraphy under the sympathetic encouragement of Fokine. His *Protée* to Debussy's *Danses Sacrées et Profanes* is said to be in an unambitious way his most polished work.

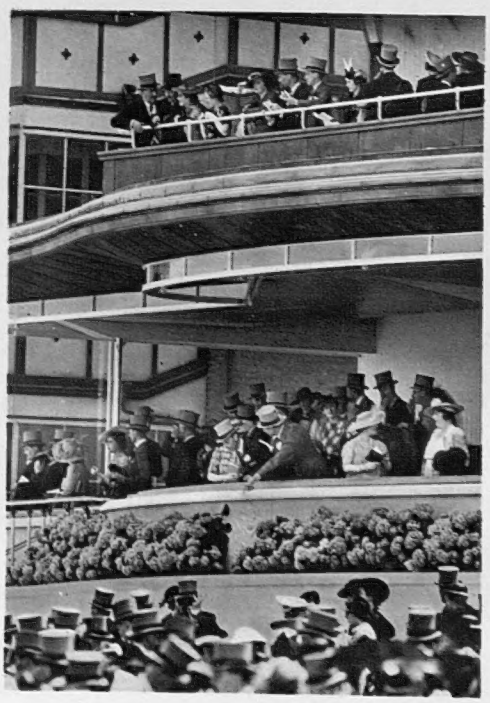
What is essential is a sane atmosphere in which young talent can be nursed and fostered. Such an atmosphere exists at Sadler's Wells, without doubt to-day the most complete and harmonious of companies.

THE Russian season has always come as a stimulus and an inspiration to reveal the most significant trends of world art. If it loses that function and remains content to provide entertainment alone, however good, it will lose the public that has been built up so carefully over a number of years. The position has altered ; there is no longer magic in the name " Russian Ballet " alone ; de Valois and Ashton *ont changé tout cela*. Year by year it must give us fresh talent in dancing, music and décor. The public can help by showing that it knows the best and wants the best ; perhaps Russian Ballet will take the hint and so avoid the immediate danger of losing friends.

ASCOT NARRATIVE

Royal Procession. *The best picture of the summer season is the semi-State arrival at Ascot: smiling King and Queen, sleek Windsor greys, outriders and footmen, green Ascot turf, and the June sun shining*

The King and Queen *looked very well, the Queen in écru lace over pink*



The Royal Box *had a new slide-up window and plenty of hydrangeas*

Smiler *was photographed according to custom*

Ascot Narrative *(continued)*

Waterloo, in brief annual splendour, seethed with top-hats

By a racing-edition paper-stand was glimpsed this coy Victorian silhouette

Mr. Peter Beatty's luck continued: his Foxglove II., bought only the day before, won the Gold Vase

Birds of Varied Plumage Perched Here and There in the Hats of—

—Mrs. William Cornell— a whole long-tailed family

—Countess Von Rosen— symmetrically winged

—Lady Mary Dunn— in a nest of fur

—Lady Weymouth—ensnared in a spotted veil

—Miss Constance Butler— wings still spread for flight

In Fact, Hats Were as Odd, Unpractical and Newsworthy as Ever

Miss Sheila Rochford wore a straw plate of flowers

Lady Gloria Fisher's derived from mortar and pestle

Another dainty dish adorned the head of Lady Jane Nelson

Mrs. Ian Hay Beith put a horseshoe above everything

Lady Manton's straw went on and on and up and up

For Every Face on This Page There Were Several Hundreds More Who Might Just as Well Have Been Here Instead

This is Lady O'Neill in the short skirt and toeless sandals

Lord Sligo returned from lunch with a cigar and Lady Warrender

The Duke of Marlborough escorted Lady Long. Umbrellas, you see, are fashionable for men

Lady Milbanke wore a veil which turned into a scarf

The Hon. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis talked to her sisters-in-law, the Hon Gaenor Scott-Ellis (just engaged) and the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, her hat tilted left instead of to the routine right, was with Mr. "Laddie" Sanford

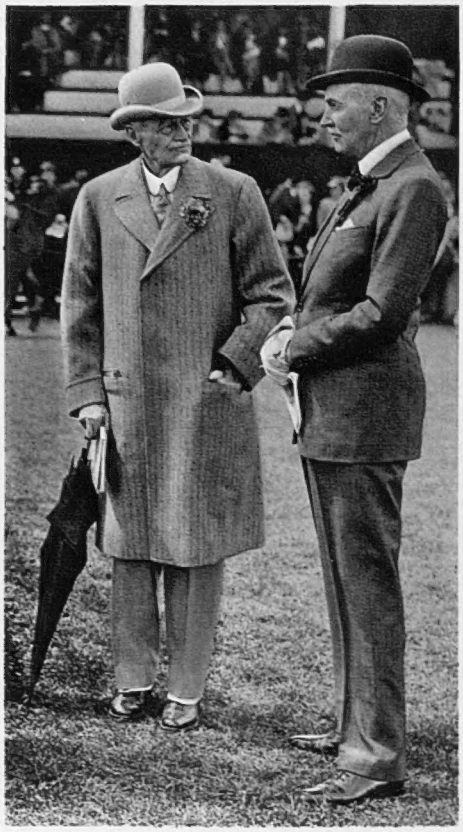
Miss Anne Mackintosh and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell did credit to the ex-debutante side

Lady Mary Lygon took a pre-war fashion line

Engaged couple Lord Lovat and Miss Rosamond Broughton were together

Miss Broughton's mother, Lady Broughton, was with Sir Brograve Beauchamp

Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith wore a coat and skirt (with her husband)



Promotion—to Baronet

Promotion—to Air Chairman

Sir John Reith was at Ascot the day after he had changed his job from Director-General of the B.B.C. to Chairman of Imperial Airways—an exchange that sets him a strenuous task of reorganisation

Left: a Richmond Horse Show snapshot of Sir Walter Gilbey and Sir Archibald Weigall, who received a baronetcy in the Birthday Honours

Beniamino Gigli—Fireman

The students' manuscripts in the first act of "Bohème" were so startlingly inflammable at Covent Garden last week that Signor Gigli had to put on an impromptu fire-fighting act—first with a water-bottle, then a plate of sand, then a bedroom ewer, then a fire-bucket. Finally—and all the time Gigli sang and sang—a real fireman came on the stage and quenched the embarrassing conflagration

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. CHAMBERLAIN quite clearly studied last week's BYSTANDER, and based his announcement in the House of Commons about the bombing of merchant ships on the "Passing Hour." In effect, it is a dilemma from which there is no escape. Any ship flying the Union Jack in a Spanish port can be bombed without any chance of defence or reprisal. To send warships to Alicante, Valencia and Gandia, to mention only three out of many ports, would be exactly the same as declaring war on General Franco. It might even be worse than that. A stray shell fired by a British warship at an aeroplane might possibly kill the Spanish Prime Minister. And then where would we be? The position could not be more clearly put than in the actual words of Mr. Chamberlain.

MR. NOEL BAKER, the pertinacious Socialist member for Derby, and one of the greatest half-mile runners of all time, asked the Prime Minister whether the Government had considered placing an embargo on trade with General Franco as was done in the case of the British engineers in Russia in the famous sabotage trial. On the face of it this might seem a plausible solution to the bombing dilemma. Actually it would be the gravest folly. This country has commercial interests in Spain so large that any trade-war would inevitably turn out to be worse for us than for Spain. One has only to think of the Rio Tinto copper-mines, which are English-owned and Scottish-run, to realise the truth of this.

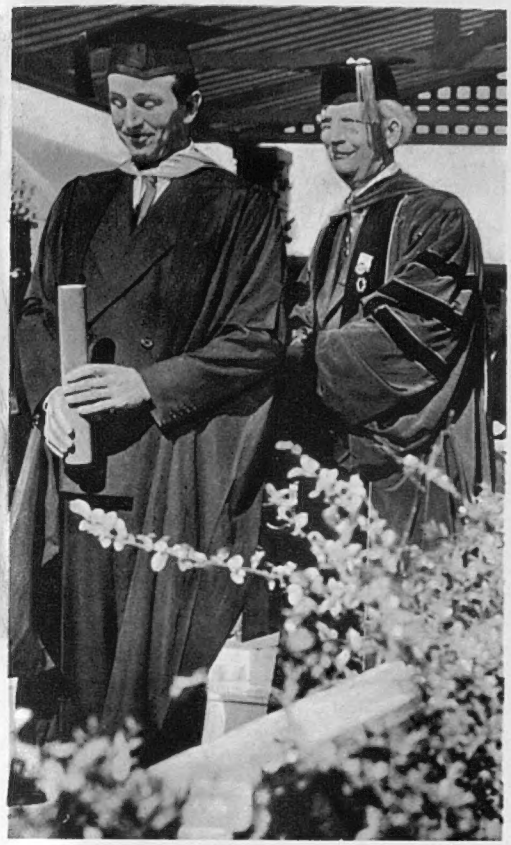
MR. CHAMBERLAIN has at last made a statement about the use of R.A.F. bombers on the North-West Frontier of India. It has always been the stock retort of Berlin, Rome and Tokyo to protests against bombing that this country is as bad as anyone else. Mr. Chamberlain emphasised that the R.A.F. do not attack the civil population, and that warnings are always given so that the families of the tribesmen can be evacuated. And he further made the important announcement that if the use of bombers on the Frontier was standing in the way of a general agreement to abolish bombing, this country would certainly be prepared to abandon it. The only mistake the Prime Minister made in his statement was to use the word "humane" as a description of the practice of bombing native villages.

TALKING about the North-West Frontier, Afghanistan has promised to take part in the 1940 Olympic Games in Tokyo. This will be good news for the Japanese, and should offset the possible absence from the Games of all the English-speaking countries.

AT last Sir John Reith has left the B.B.C. Few public figures have been the centre of so many acute controversies in our time. Sir John has been attacked from almost every conceivable angle, and time after time he has stood four-square to the winds and defied his opponents. He is a typical Scotsman of the sort which has made Clydeside what it is (although actually he comes from the east coast). There is no other race in the world which could produce a man who is a mixture of engineering, religion, business-capacity and amateur theatricals. You will find it all in Kipling's poem about MacAndrew.

THE successorship to Sir John Reith is at the moment of writing causing the liveliest excitement. Mr. Cecil Graves is the favourite as we go to press, but he is being hotly chased—I speak metaphorically, of course—by Sir Stephen Tallents. It was of Sir Stephen that Napoleon did not write, but Mr. Timothy Shy did, that the B.B.C. was *une carière ouverte aux Tallents*. The third possibility is that Major Gladstone Murray may return from Canada, where he is at the moment directing the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

THE best saying of the week, indeed the best saying of the year, comes, as one might have expected, from the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Hore-Belisha never makes a mistake. In answer to a question about the formation of a woman's Territorial Army, he said, "Everyone is appealing for women, but every effort will be made to see that their offices are used in the best possible direction."



Walt Disney—Master of Science

Walter E. Disney looked as bashful as a bridegroom when Dr. Rufus B. von Kleinsmid, President of the University of South Carolina, presented him with an honorary degree of Master of Science. The University ranks the creation of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies as "distinguished achievements in the field of cinemagraphy"—a pleasant scholarly understatement of Walt Disney's genius

Africa to Olympia

Lieut. R. Kersanson de Pennendreff commands the detachment of Spahis who came over to London for the Royal Horse Show. Riding behind him on this mild exercise outing around Olympia is a Spahi N.C.O., Corporal Baadji

Canada to the Albert Hall

Chief Os-ke-non-ton comes to London every year to play in "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall. He lives in a London flat, but temperament will out, and whenever he can he goes to Regent's Park, pitches a wigwam, and paddles out on the lake (wearing gloves) in his canoe

GRIM rumours of what is going on in the Dachau Concentration Camp in Germany keep filtering through the censorship. It is said that the former Mayor of Vienna and the former Chief of the Austrian Press Department have died. No one knows what has happened to Herr von Schuschnigg.

MR. JAMES BRIDIE is a rather busy man. Hardly a day passes without the production of a new play from his typewriter. His output reminds me of a remark made by Mr. James Bone, the London editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, on the subject of Mr. Ivor Brown. "If there were four Ivor Browns," said Mr. Bone, "Fleet Street would be a desert except for messenger-boys taking the articles he writes to the different offices."

AS I threatened last week I went to the first day of the Nottingham Test Match with two old friends of mine, Mr. Bevan Wyndham Lewis of the BYSTANDER and Mr. Timothy Shy of the *News Chronicle*. The three of us sat in a stand and watched Barnett of Gloucester hitting the famous O'Reilly all over the field with contemptuous ease. It was an exhilarating display, but my day was ruined for me by Messrs. Lewis and Shy, who refused to take the game seriously. They kept on falling asleep and waking up with loud cries of "Well played, sir!" usually when nothing whatever was happening. And they scandalized the numerous clergymen in our vicinity by pretending that the Trent Bridge Ground was an Anglican church, that the umpires were sidesmen, that the match-card sellers were distributing hymn-books, that the ice-cream sellers were collecting the offertory on behalf of foreign missions, and that at any moment Archbishop Fry would begin to preach. I have seldom felt so ashamed. But there! If I may coin a phrase, it takes all sorts to make a world.

CONTRARY to what you may think, little reader, I know practically nothing about the trend of fashion in feminine hats. But it is a perpetual source of joy to me to look at the pictures of fashionable ladies who are attending this, that, and the other function, and to see how the Duchess of Kent is always one yard ahead of all the others.

FOR many years travellers in Italy have regretted, but at the same time understood, the regulations forbidding the export of works of art beyond a certain value. In the old days, when it was part of the education of every English nobleman to make the grand tour, Italy lost hundreds and hundreds of the treasures of the Renaissance, and it was a wise measure to put a stop to the incessant flow. It is all the harder to understand, therefore, the action of the Italian Government in selling to an art gallery in Munich the Lancellotti copy of the Discobolus of Myron for about £60,000. The news of the sale has not been published in Italy, presumably because the Government is afraid of the strong adverse criticism which they would certainly incur.

SIR PHILIP GAME, the London Commissioner of Police, has expressed his personal opinion in an official review of his work that political processions in London ought to be stopped. Certainly processions are a bore from the point of view of the ordinary citizen who wishes to get from one place to another, but surely it is no business of a policeman, however high his rank, to express opinions which affect the liberties and rights of his Majesty's lieges.

A BEAUTIFUL example of the insanity of modern civilisation is provided by the whaling industry. 40,000 whales are killed every year, and it is agreed by everyone concerned in the trade that the whale will be extinct, at the present rate of slaughter, in a very few years. Representatives of fifteen whaling nations are meeting in London at the moment to try to reach an agreement to save the whale. It is very unlikely that they will succeed, and so the philosopher once again has to watch business men destroying their own business. It goes on all the time in every country.

ONCE again cyclists are objecting to the proposal that they should carry rear-lights. Cyclists are very queer people, and protest vehemently against almost every measure designed to make their life on the roads less hazardous. The suggestion that they should have special cycling tracks alongside some of the big new by-passes always makes them scream with rage.

AT the age of fifty-two, Frank Woolley, of Kent, scored a hundred runs before lunch at Tonbridge last week, and altogether made 136 in two hours. It took Master Fagg, who is twenty-three, five and a half hours to make 190 in the same match.

Social Register

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Miss Cadman and Colonel Bradshaw

Lieut.-Col. William Pat Bradshaw, Scots Guards, and the Hon. Mary Cadman, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Cadman, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the son of the late Arthur Bradshaw and Mrs. Henry Harris, of Thornton Hall, Stony Stratford

Mr. Henry Legge-Bourke and Miss Jean Grant

Henry Legge-Bourke, Royal Horse Guards, is the son of the late Nigel Legge-Bourke and Lady Victoria Forester. Catherine Jean Grant is the third daughter of the late Col. Sir Arthur Grant of Monymusk and the Dowager Lady Grant. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with a Royal Horse Guards guard of honour. The bride's brother, Sir Arthur Grant, is in New Zealand, so her younger brother Francis gave her away

PARTY OF THE WEEK—AT THE PINEWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Victor Schertzinger, the American producer who has come over here to make "The Mikado," and Gracie Fields appeared together in the Pinewood party cabaret

The Lambeth Walk—a Study in Concentration

The Duke of Marlborough, Lady Long, Mr. Michael Hornby, and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett taught each other the Lambeth Walk, first cousin to the Palais Glide. The Pinewood Studio Party was a colossal affair, organised as part of the £50,000 appeal for the Invalid Kitchens of London

CHRISTENINGS OF THE WEEK

Mrs. Alexander and Her Son

Mrs. Byron Cary and Her Daughter

Susan Jean Cary is the second daughter of the Hon. Byron and Mrs. Cary and granddaughter of Viscount Falkland; christened at Chelsea Old Church. Desmond Charles Bernard Alexander (left) is the second son of Major the Hon. William and Mrs. Alexander (she was Hermione Buxton) and nephew of the fifth Earl of Caledon

CHARITY COMMITTEE OF THE WEEK

Mr. Raymond Massey and the Duchess of Roxburghe

Mr. Raymond Massey made a big appeal for the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, and the Duchess of Roxburghe presided at a huge committee meeting held in her house in Carlton House Terrace. The meeting was in connection with the Merry Market planned for early December in aid of the Hospital

Lady Gloria Fisher danced a number with Lord Rosse

Lady Lisburne, Lady Gloria Fisher's mother, sat at supper with Colonel "Jimmy" Horlick

Mr. Nigel Fisher, Lady Gloria Fisher's husband, danced with Lady Dashwood

Mrs. Richard Norton, wife of Pinewood Film Studios' director, was with Com. Colin Buist

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy danced with Lord Hartington, the new Duke of Devonshire's heir, who comes of age this year

Mr. John Barran and the Hon. Mrs. Barran (one of the "Ruthven twins") were two more at Pinewood

Répétition de Danse, by Mariano Andreü

"The Dance"

Two Pictures from an Exhibition

A wonderful exhibition of pictures of and connected with dancing opened yesterday (21st) at the Leicester Galleries, covering a period of something like two hundred years. Of the two reproduced here, the Venetian picture is by Longhi, a contemporary of Canaletto, and a painter much studied by Massine, whose ballet, "The Good-Humoured Ladies," shows the influence of the Italian. Andreü, who has several works in the exhibition, is a Catalan; his work for the stage is known to London audiences in the rich and lovely settings and dresses of Fokine's ballet, *Don Juan*. Most of the important creators of ballet decor are represented at the Leicester Galleries, as well as painters who have been inspired by the dance—Degas, Matisse, Forain, Sickert, Lavery, Laura Knight are a few among the many whose works are shown

Masquerade at Venice, by Pietro Longhi

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 76

Arthur Elvin

ARTHUR ELVIN, managing director of Wembley Stadium, is one of the few Norfolk boys who have made good in London. He was born at Norwich thirty-eight years ago, and his first job was to deliver copies of the *Eastern Daily Press* before going to school. He next became a clerk in a pastry factory at seven shillings a week, with a two-shilling rise in a boot factory four or five months later. But well within a year he had become a clerk in the Inland Revenue for yet another three shillings a week. Next he joined a firm that was running canteens for the troops in this country. Here he served behind the bar, and, as he was living-in, felt pretty rich on his fifty shillings a week. However, London beckoned to him and he became a soft-soap salesman in Aldgate at £2 10s. per week. He then joined the Royal Air Force and went to France as an observer. Promptly, however, he was shot down the day after he was eighteen and as a prisoner of war in Germany tasted several prison camps. You would have thought that he would have cut right adrift from anything to do with war, but as soon as he had blown his £300 gratuity he got a job with the Ministry of Munitions in breaking down shells at Abbéville at £8 a week. Although not yet twenty, he was in charge of hundreds of workmen of all nationalities and colours, white, black, and yellow; having cleaned up that job, he did similar work in England, which brings us to the first year of the Exhibition at Wembley.

ONCE again Arthur had blown the lot and applied to the ex-officers' association for a job. All he could get was that of an assistant at a cigarette kiosk at £4 10s. a week. Having taken it, he found out which shops at the Exhibition were doing badly and which were doing well; then took options on the former and sold the leases of their premises to the latter. As a rule he made £100 on the deal and brought off ten of them. His wife was the manageress for a firm of jewellers in the shop next door. The following year he secured options on various other shops, starting with four, and finishing with eight. At the end of the season, having paid off his expenses, he was £1,000 ahead of the game. In the meantime he had been nosing round the Exhibition and with his knowledge of demolition decided to buy and break down several of the buildings. By degrees he acquired most of them, selling them piecemeal. The bigger palaces and the Stadium belonged to Jimmy White. After a week of hanging around in his office he pulled off the deal for £12,000. Next he decided to buy the Stadium. It was no easy matter to get a syndicate, but he succeeded, and after completing the purchase sold the Stadium to the present company at a profit to himself of £27,500. From this onwards his early experience of handling men and finding out their tastes stood him in good stead. Nor was he too proud to follow the example of other people: greyhound racing, speedway racing, ice hockey followed one another. So did Big Fights (though that wasn't so hot). He has had only two holidays in his life; one was last month, one was four years ago. To-day he is practically bald, still has the relics of a pleasant Norfolk burr, though it is detected only in certain words. He lives at Hampstead; has a handicap of 21, though it will be 22 by next year; likes German wines particularly, though says he enjoys drinking anything except ink; has a full-blooded vocabulary, a superb secretary (Madge Evans), unassailable good health, and will be thirty-nine in a few days.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Ah, I must call for those film negatives"

LORD LAWRENCE and Sir John Squire, listed as vice-presidents, having both repudiated any connection with the spiritist activities of the newest British religion, the World Service Group, founded by a Mr. Collen-Smith, ex-bank clerk ("who claims," said the *Daily Express*, "to have brought spiritism to the nobility," a pretty exalted work), we don't quite see what remains to them, the W.S.G. programme depending on the spirit-world's help and advice to accomplish social reform and abolish slums, malnutrition, and cruelty to animals. What happened, apparently, was that both Lord Lawrence and Sir John attended a dinner-party and afterwards discovered they were vice-presidents of the W.S.G., with five other titled personages. The moral of which seems to be that gift-horses, however attractive, should be looked very carefully in the mouth and their teeth thoroughly examined. So subtle and tendencious has public eating in London become that you never know what surprise may be sprung on you when the free browsing and sluicing, as the Master Wodehouse has it, is over. Dr. Buchman discovered another aspect of this truth at that historic Foyle luncheon recently when Miss Margaret Rawlings rose up and sweetly knocked his Group Movement for a row of Bolivian ash-cans.

You may argue that if the eminent fall for a flattering invitation and a meal on the house they deserve all that's coming to them, and we wouldn't say you were too obscenely wrong. The nicest recent attempt at exploitation was a polite circular begging the recipient—even we got one, which shows how far and wide the net was cast—to do the signatories the inestimable honour of permitting them to quote a passage (indicated) from his illustrious work (named) in a forthcoming Guide to Modern Literature, a long-felt want. Those who gave permission got effusive thanks and what amounted to a demand-note for the price of one copy. Ignoring this, they got a card at intervals repeating thanks and demand, and as the Guide never came out we conjectured the literary boys had not been hooked to any extent. But Lord, how truly La Rochefoucauld spoke! "Our most violent passions give us occasional respite; vanity drives us always." The preacher then turned three hand-springs, and left the pulpit.

"Who knows what thrills await Modom in our 'glamour girl' négligé?"

Racketeer

PASSING through a Sussex village the other day and noting, to our astonishment, that it had no Olde Antique Shoppe, we halted for a few moments to cross-examine a few of the locals in ye pubbe, in which a few of them were forlornly drinking and staring at the fake-Tudor cast-iron beams and electric candles provided by the kindly and artistic brewers who own it (and them). They were a bit glum and inclined to resent inquiries, evidently feeling that we were cruelly exposing the uncivilised nakedness of their village. We gathered, however, that more than one brisk masterful tweedy Mrs. Beaver had been down from Town giving the place a once-over, but that a lady in the next village, a few miles on, had scooped the antique market for the district and established such a reign of terror that nobody dared muscle-in on her territory. It was no use starting an opposition Shoppe in East Twitteringhurst, we gathered, because the maîtresse femme in Yaffilebury had the London junk dealers by the shorts, and kept them so busy that many authentic Jacobean tallboys and Old Welsh sideboards were delivered to her with only half the proper amount of worm-holes, not that the stockbrokers week-ending round about knew or cared.

We asked the hayseeds if this sweetheart racketeer employed any method of violence to keep prospective rivals off her territory. They said no, she just came over in her two-seater before long and exchanged a resonant, decisive word or two about the weather and the crops, and they slunk back to Town utterly cowed. However, we don't think she has yet encountered a woman in the racket we know who could sell a second-hand brass bedstead to the Director of South Kensington Museum as an authentic Cellini any old day. We're thinking of bringing them together.

Fun Fair

MOST of the critic boys have taken a crack at the staging of the *Ring* this season at Covent Garden, some of them comparing the Valkyries' horsemanship to that of frightened infants at a fair, others querying the costumes, others asking sniffily if that large dust-sheet thing covering the stage in *Götterdämmerung* was supposed to represent the Rhine in overflow. Our sympathies are with the unhappy scenic specialists who have to wrestle every year with the problems Daddy Wagner so airily set them. In our view the hairy old Master was a bit of a farceur, in the German manner, and enjoyed giving the boys at Bayreuth the works. We shouldn't be surprised if he

had insisted, just to increase the agony of his scenic director, that the Valkyries should be mounted not on horses but roller-skates or ski or even bicycles, laughing consumedly up his sleeve at the horror and misery on every solemn spectacled face. "You observe, Herr Doctor—a new art-form!" For the essence of a true Nordic jest is the discomfort, physical or mental, of the victim, the public exposure of poverty or some other defect, the placing of a subordinate in some ludicrous or humiliating position. East Prussia is the best field for observing this kind of humour, and its squirearchy are adepts. Thus jested the sturdy Blond Overmen, the Jutes and Angles and Saxons who gave us our culture (though Dr. Johnson and other queer theorists insist we got it from the Mediterraneans. Faugh!). But when you go further north into Scandinavia the jests become gentler and milder, and are often of the delayed-action kind. For example, when you have explained a joke to a Swede—say the one about "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"—it may be forty-eight hours before he starts laughing. But then he will laugh a long time. A week after any Ibsen revival the honest citizens of Stockholm are roaring with frantic mirth, like a B.B.C. studio audience during a variety hour.

The Americans think we 're much the same. "If you want to make an Englishman happy in his old age, tell him a joke when he 's young"—that 's the sort of crack. We 've long since given up trying to puzzle out exactly what it means.

Music Fled

To the French the charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshofen in August 1870, of which the last survivor has just died, ranks as the charge of the Light Brigade does with us: one of those gallant spectacular onslaughts we shall probably never read of again. The drumming of massed military hoofs in action over sun-burned slippery grass may, belike, be ranked among the sounds lost for ever to human ears, like the squeak of a quill pen travelling over parchment, the jingle of gold coins in a trouser pocket, the clang of hammer on rustic anvil, the high indignant "Sir!" of a good woman wronged by trim, sleek bounders, the soft characteristic "zeep" of antimacassars torn asunder by strong agonised lovers, the clank and wheeze of rural pumps, the snort of whiskered politicians refusing (or accepting) a bribe, the creak of a dowager's whalebone, the crack of horsewhips laid on cads by sahibs (nobody dare use a horsewhip in a modern flat; it would wreck the place), the awful cry of the drawing-room tenor singing "Shipmates," the rumble of iron-tyred cab-wheels, the "swock" of a gold-topped cane suddenly removed from a stage-door Johnny's mouth, the "wheesh" of sequins on the bonnets and mantles of wealthy aunts, the "bap" of a rustic, virginal, vengeful hand swiping the insolent faces of City slickers, the click and jingle of large lockets and assorted trinkets swung on long gold chains from opulent bosoms swathed in rich black silk, the "crish, crish" of a foaming moustache being brushed and ironed and made lustrous with Pommade Hongroise, the distinctive crash and tinkle of glass-englobed wax-fruit knocked spinning off a Pembroke table by a frock-coated, agitated gentleman in the act of kneeling to the Beloved, and a score more sounds, once dear, daily, and familiar.

If, as some experts say, these "dead" sounds are still suspended in the ether and may one day be recaptured, what a puzzle for Posterity.

Gaffe

"But this is heresy!" cried one of Auntie *Times's* critic boys the other day, appalled at having allowed himself to say of *The Mikado* (a new Gilbert-and-Sullivan mission opened recently at the Scala) that the gestures have become "so stereotyped that almost any others would be preferable." George Jean Nathan said the same thing in New York recently. The perpetual repetition of the hierarchic Gilbertian gestures (not to say Gilbertian cracks) has become such a crashing bore that even some of the faithful are revolting (and how revolting some of the faithful are!). But suggest altering one hallowed eyebrow-lift in the canon of *The Mikado*, dare to transfer Little Buttercup's basket—or umbrella, or beer-bottle, or packet of tripe, or stuffed wombat, or whatever that charmer carries—from left hand to right, and there 's a far bigger row than any revision of the Prayer Book ever started. Actually what the whole series needs is a producer (like, say, Alfred Hitchcock) totally unawed by atmosphere, possessing a dainty, wicked fancy of his own, and capable of introducing an entirely new set of gestures which would give the old creaking G. and S. bus a new lease of life. *E.g.*, half-way through *Is Life a Boon?* Phœbe should trip up and bite Fairfax playfully on the snout, causing that solemn prig to howl with anguish. Instead of moving his fan one-third of an inch to the left at a given point, the Mikado should move it one-third to the right, after which innovation Pooh-Bah should enter reclining nude in a dust-cart drawn by a flock of flamingoes, throwing away pamphlets on Social Credit. And so forth.

Some of the jokes sound pretty haggard nowadays. Arthur Wimperis could see to them. Some of the music needs revision. We would suggest Vaughan Williams for the more ecclesiastical numbers, Cole Porter for the others. No other long-needed reforms occur to us at the moment, except that girl attendants in flying kit might go round at intervals buffeting the more fish-faced of the congregation with balloons.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"You say your main symptom is that your head lies uneasy?"

Baron

Morton Selten—Sixty Years an Actor

Morton Selten has the very rare distinction of becoming a diamond jubilee actor this year, having made his first appearance on the stage in 1878. He himself was seventy-eight last January, and can still act most of his juniors off the stage and screen. His judges and colonels and other elderly gentlemen of the old school are unrivalled; rich, fruity and eye-twinkling, or solemn, polished and wise, he is faultless in his art, missing nothing, exaggerating nothing. At seventy-two he set off on his very successful film career with London Films; his recent and best parts have been as the old Scottish chieftain in *The Ghost Goes West*, Lord Burleigh in *Fire Over England*, a couple of judges in *Action for Slander* and *The Divorce of Lady X*, and a taxi-driver in *Over the Moon* (still to be seen)

The Theatre

"The Sun Never Sets" (Drury Lane)

THE Sanders of Edgar Wallace's African tales was a dominating figure. He dominated friends and foes, Good Natives and Wicked Natives, the river and the jungle. He stood up boldly to Africa itself. But he cannot stand up to a Drury Lane melodrama which knows its business as well as this one. Its business is to present an Africa blazing with heat and age and cruelty and mystery, and so crowded with Ju-Ju priests, Leopard Men, slaves, native kings, marching troops, dancing savages and ladies of the Residency that the adventures of any River Commissioner, however heroic, can be only an incidental part of the picture. Indeed, we hardly notice that they are taking place, there is so much else to hold the eye. The war drums throb, hordes of savages prance and stamp, battalions of loyal natives march and counter-march, a steamboat rides the Nigerian river with smoke belching from her funnel, an aeroplane flashes across the sky, a stone temple is blown to pieces before our eyes. And this is Africa, a continent plentifully but tastefully supplied with scenery by Laurence Irving, and skilfully organised by Basil Dean. It is a more or less continuously effective spectacle, and the story that Pat Wallace and Guy Bolton have adapted from the tales of Sanders merely lays down the rails on which the spectacle runs.

Flying Diana (Edna Best)

Officers and Gentlemen (Leslie Banks and Mackenzie Ward)

AT the beginning of the run there is very nearly a massacre and there is very nearly a hanging, fine confused episodes which at once give us the atmosphere of the country. After lots more atmosphere has been rather laboriously manufactured, Sanders arrives with his faithful Hausas to show how just but firm must be the way of a white man with a savage. Back at the Residency, three imbeciles from Westminster, who share a deep-rooted conviction that the Man on the Spot is always wrong, suspend Sanders. Drums carry the news through the jungle, and in next to no time sentries on duty at the Residency are falling with knives in their backs and Captain Hamilton has been kidnapped. The terrible Leopard Men have risen in revolt. Suspension or no suspension, Sanders must act. And there is no more thrilling moment in the whole evening than the departure of the steamboat, with Sanders looking very determined on the bridge, the decks packed with troops and resounding with bugle calls, and the funnel puffing out real smoke.

Then, marvel on marvel, the aeroplane appears carrying the intrepid Lusine, we suspect, to certain capture, but happily to rescue no less certain. There is good hope that the producer has ready for these still distant occasions effects as marvellous as the steamboat and the aeroplane. This hope is not entirely fulfilled, for while there is no denying the grandeur and the glory of the blowing up of the temple, the Ju-Ju priests are almost comically slow to carry in the time-machine, working in the shape of an idol, which the far-seeing Sanders has ostentatiously planted in their midst. We get a little tired of waiting for the inevitable.

NOTHING has been overlooked, not even the actors. Leslie Banks is there to play Sanders as though it were a real part in a real play, and the gallant airwoman is Edna Best, though all she is asked to do is to display a touch of fever after her crash into the steaming swamp and to show a touch of terror when she is tied up ready for sacrifice. Todd Duncan sings the few necessary, if irrelevant, songs extremely well.

A. V. C.

Sketches by Rouson

Dirty dogs (Charles Farrell and Henry Oscar)

Dark subjects (Adelaide Hall and Todd Duncan)

Films of the Day

Make-Up Sculpture, by Jack Dawn

By George Campbell

LAST week brought only two new films. Both will disappear, and deserve to, before this brochure can catch your eye; so let's talk of something else, of a more instructive and pleasing nature.

Make-up, for instance. Every time an historical picture is made, with some well-known actor covered all over with wrinkles and whiskers and character, every critic receives letters from his fans. The form is familiar. He is the writer's favourite critic ("Though your opinions are practically imbecile and quite obviously you have been bribed . . .", etc.), and to settle a bet will he kindly explain the mysteries of make-up, and will he read and recommend the enclosed scenario to a producer, and does he happen to have a signed photograph of Greta Garbo about him, and the writer is his very truly.

Sam Jaffe as the 250-year-old Lama in "Lost Horizon"

THIS brings us to a fellow called Jack Dawn, once a sculptor, who arrived in Hollywood some time ago with the happy idea of combining sculpture with make-up. After three years' unpaid experimenting, he invented a substance which can be made to look like flesh, and is both lighter and more plastic. Under the combined heat of the player and the studio lights it will last at most six hours, and often much less, but it possesses the sovereign merit that it can be moulded into any shape and made to transform almost anybody into almost anybody else, which suggests a lot of most interesting possibilities. So important was the invention to the industry that Mr. Dawn was paid £600 for a day's work on the mask that converted Sam Jaffe into the 250-year-old lama in *Lost Horizon*. The conversion of Luise Rainer into the Chinese peasant, O-Lan, was another tricky little job, just because the actual alterations to the face were so slight. In the course of laboratory work Mr. Dawn discovered, he says, a fact unknown to anthropologists — that the slant eyes of Orientals is only an optical illusion. He contends that what looks like a slant is caused by puffiness of the upper eyelids.

A Dawn masterpiece—Charles Boyer into Napoleon

"A tricky little job"—Luise Rainer into Chinese peasant

Celebrity's "living image"—John Carradine into Abraham Lincoln

THE process is rather complicated. Mr. Dawn begins by taking a cast of the actor's face and then making a replica in plaster of Paris. Equipped with a drawing of the character to be built up, he then sets to work building up the mask with his own special plastic material. Adding a piece here and a piece there, he remodels noses, raises cheek-bones, adds bumps to the foreheads, alters the shape of ears and lips. When the mask takes on the appropriate character he removes the pieces, very carefully, and a mould is made of each fragment in plaster of Paris and filed away, ready for use.

The day comes to begin shooting. The make-up men get out the moulds and reproduce the little pieces, all in his secret substance said to be lighter than jelly yet tougher than rubber, with a resilience that permits the actor's expression to come through. The last piece stuck on, according to the directions on the numbered chart, the player's face is painted and powdered as any ordinary face would be, and he is ready to face the camera.

MR. DAWN considers that his two masterpieces were Charles Boyer's Napoleon in *Marie Walewska* and John Carradine's Abraham Lincoln in M.G.M.'s *Of Human Hearts*. The former was modelled on a death mask and turned out to be extremely effective, despite a tendency to melt and age the actor twenty years in fifteen minutes, which meant sending back Napoleon every now and then for a new face.

Mr. Carradine, though a gifted actor, bore little or no resemblance to Lincoln except in his abnormally tall, thin figure. Then Mr. Dawn got at him. He straightened the actor's sloping forehead, made the nose more aquiline, gave a jut to the lower lip, and to the brows just above the brows, put pouches beneath the eyes, attached beard, eyebrows and hair, and there before your eyes was Lincoln's living image—just about the most convincing representation of a celebrity that I ever remember seeing.

MR. DAWN is now working on a new substance which he hopes will last indefinitely. Such an invention opens up all manner of possibilities. It is suggested that gangsters will be able to stick up a bank and make a getaway disguised as Franklin D. Roosevelt or Mr. Montagu Norman; and what husbands will be able to get away with is a subject I shudder to contemplate.

Glamorous Dorothy Lamour

In the majority of her films Dorothy Lamour's brown hair reaches down to her thighs, when it is not wafting on a southern zephyr; she is clad in a make-believe negligent one-piece; she is paired with a bronzed Apollo whose one-piece is much briefer. *Jungle Princess, Her Jungle Love, Hurricane, Tropic Holiday* are typical titles. But a big change is due: her next film is called *Storm of the North*. Then she reverts with *Tahiti* and then takes a year off to have a baby. Her husband is a band conductor

Wimbledon New-Comers

Olive Craze of South Africa

This Transvaal player was runner-up in the South African Championships. She reached the last eight in the St. George's Hill tournament, but her forehand drives, volleys and determination were nowhere when she met Alice Marble. Last week she was playing at Queen's

Y. Kuramitsu of Japan

The Japanese champion made his English debut at Queen's last Monday, when he won a three-set match agianst R. W. Higgin. This week he faces the Wimbledon thunder for the first time

Margaret Wilson of Australia

Another Australian debutante is Margaret Wilson, a graduate of Melbourne University, and ranked seventh in her home continent

Nancy Wynne of Australia

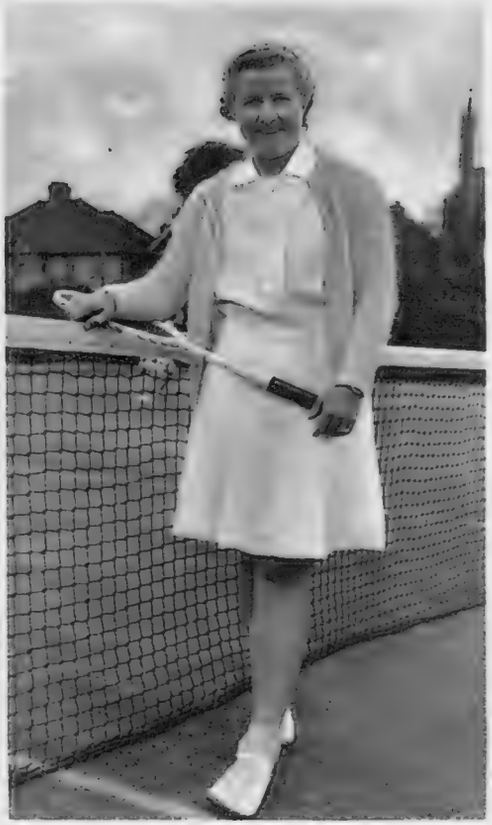
The brilliant but uneven No. 1 player of Australia is one of the most interesting Wimbledon newcomers. She was runner-up in the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, and more recently a semi-finalist in the Surrey Championships

Rosemary Thomas of Gt. Britain

The youngest English competitor, Rosemary Thomas, has shown her capabilities by winning the British Girls' Championship, the Schoolgirls' Championship and the Surrey Junior Championship

Gracyn Wheeler of the U.S.A.

Gracyn Wheeler came over with the American Wightman Cup team and was chosen as their reserve. She is an ex-junior champion of the U.S.A.



Dorothy Bundy of U.S.A.

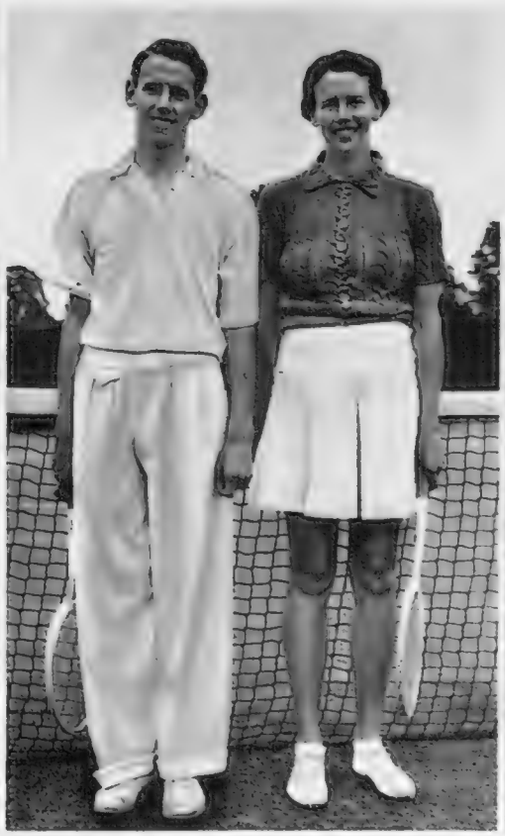
The 1938 Australian singles champion is daughter of a former Wimbledon champion (May Sutton, winner in 1905 and 1907); she inherits a strong, attractive style

Chinese Gem Hoahing

Tiny Gem Hoahing is accepted for Wimbledon singles and doubles this year: last year, sixteen years old, she qualified. She is an ex-junior champion of Great Britain

Mervyn Weston, Australia

Australia's only representative in the men's events at Wimbledon is making his first appearance there. He was one of the performers in the London Championships at Queen's



John and Dulcie Kitson, S. Africa

The son and daughter of an ex-champion of South Africa have come over to Wimbledon for the first time. John Kitson has to face the qualifying music, but his sister was accepted

Shubh S. R. Sawhny

India's premier player, who comes from the Punjab, is in England to play in his first Wimbledon matches; with L. Brooke-Edwards runner-up in St. George's Hill doubles

Henri Bolleli, France

Bolleli beat Austin at Monte Carlo in March, is one of France's coming Davis Cup players, made his English debut at Bournemouth

Animal Portraits:

No. 2. Two Cocker Spaniels

Six Debutantes from the Country

Bassano

Hampshire: Miss Ann Atkinson

Ann Atkinson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Buddle Atkinson, of Upton House, Hants.; granddaughter of Capt. F. Buddle Atkinson, thirty years Master of the Morpeth, and of Col. W. G. R. Chichester-Constable; had her coming-out dance on May 31st; likes tennis and racing

Cannons of Hollywood

Somerset: Miss Sheila Parish

Sheila Parish is the daughter of the late Col. Francis Parish and Mrs. Parish, of Greenham Barton, Taunton; great-niece of Viscountess Gladstone, with whom she is staying, and at whose Phillimore Gardens house a dance was given for her and Pamela Mure in May

Cannons of Hollywood

Kent: Miss Anne Bax

Anne Bax is the only daughter (but she has two brothers) of Admiral and Mrs. Robert Bax, of Selling Court, Faversham, Kent; she and co-deb Muriel Hooper are sharing a dance which their mothers are giving for them on July 1st; her father was Naval A.D.C. to the King in 1922-3

Pearl Freeman

Yorkshire: Miss Molly Harbord

Molly Harbord is the youngest of a family of six, daughter of Captain Edward Harbord and Mrs. Harbord, of Kirby Deighton Hall, Wetherby, Yorks.; she and her sister Primrose had a dance given for them on June 13th; her elder brother Bill married Vivien Thorne two weeks ago

Fayer of Vienna

Dorset: Miss Elizabeth Mansel

Elizabeth Mansel is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Rhys Mansel, of Smedmore, Corfe Castle; has one brother, who came of age this year, and two sisters; her father is High Sheriff of Dorset this year; her mother and Mrs. Arthur Sutherland gave a dance in May for her and Diana Sutherland

Cannons of Hollywood

Norfolk: Miss Juliet Coleman

Juliet Coleman is the elder daughter of the late Geoffrey Coleman and Mrs. Coleman, of Framingham Chase, Norwich; her mother gave an Eaton Square dance for her early in May; she puts riding in general and hunting in particular at the top of her sport-list

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Gillian Drummond—Debutante from Rome

Lady Gillian Drummond is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Perth, and was born in 1920. Her father (who succeeded last year) has been Ambassador in Rome since 1933; her mother brought her home to do her first season, and presented her at the Diplomatic Court on May 11th. She danced in the set reels at the Caledonian Ball, and is going to be bridesmaid to Jeanne Stourton when she marries Sherman Stonor in July. Her brother, Viscount Strathallan, lives in London with his American wife and three-year-old son, but her two sisters live in Rome. They were both married last year—Lady Margaret Drummond to an American, John Walker, and Lady Angela Drummond to an Italian, Count Alessandro Mannassei di Collestatte

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Wing Commander Sir Louis Greig

The extraordinarily all-round sportsman who is chairman of the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, who played there as the King's partner when the latter was Duke of York, is now in his fifty-eighth year. Sir Louis Greig could be made topical at most times of the year, so many are or have been his activities. But although these include sailor, airman, stockbroker, doctor, Gentleman Usher and Ranger of Richmond Park, it is as lawn tennis player and administrator that he is most widely known, and hence, with the Championships three days old, most topical. Like so many holders of key positions, he is a full-blooded Scot and married a Scottish wife, he played rugger for Scotland, and as well as his Ranger's residence in Richmond Park he has a house on the Moray Firth, shoots and sails in Scotland. His K.B.E. from the National Government in 1932 was richly deserved

"Bystander" Short Story No. 144

A Great Actress

By Arndt Giusti

Illustration by J. Morton Sale

WHEN we saw her we were sitting over a cocktail in the Roosevelt bar, talking about Bill's new picture. Bill Dugan is a director, one of the best; I suppose he has discovered more stars than anyone in Hollywood. Heaven only knows how many extras he has known in the past ten or fifteen years—more than he can possibly remember; so when this girl stopped at our table and said very brightly, "Hello, Mr. Dugan," of course, he couldn't place her. Some girl who had been in one of his pictures probably; a dress extra, the kind you get in Hollywood by the dozen. This one looked like a tough little thing; you know the type: lips scarlet, pale and thin, as if she needed a square meal—I expect she did—with big, sad eyes staring at you from under long, droopy lashes. Bill mumbled something that sounded like "Glad to have seen you again," and it wasn't until the girl had left—I happened to turn and saw her go out through the door—that he suddenly remembered her.

"That was Nan Borden," he told me. "I knew her when she first came to Hollywood. She used to be a sweet kid. Pretty, you know, and innocent; like some kind of little flower, a violet or a daisy," said Bill sentimentally. "You wouldn't believe it could be the same girl. No wonder I didn't recognise her. It's too bad, isn't it?"

"Well, I said, "it happens every day. Another girl gone wrong. I bet she won a beauty contest once in some burg in the Middle West."

Bill sighed. "I made a test of her. Funny, I haven't forgotten. She had something. Anyway, I thought so at the time. I tried to give her a break. That must have been a couple of years ago. I guess she just didn't make the grade. Hell of a nice kid! I used to see quite a lot of her—before she got married."

"What happened to the husband?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Bill. "Last time I spoke to her she told me he had to go away because of his lungs. She was crazy about him. They'd met on a set somewhere. Between them they couldn't have earned more than just enough to live on; but when you're young and in love——"

I smiled a little. "You imagine that two can live cheaper than one."

"They got along all right," said Bill. "Chick and Nan. You must have seen them around. People used to make fun of them, the way they held hands and looked into each other's eyes. I don't mean they were putting on an act. This was the real thing. It made you feel good just to see them together. He was a nice-looking boy. Of course, he never had a chance. About one in a thousand has, but if you try to tell them——"

Bill shrugged, and catching the waiter's eye told him to make it two more of the same. He had a sad, disillusioned look. He didn't have to tell me that he was thinking of a sick boy, alone in the desert somewhere, in some little town in Arizona or New Mexico; and I imagined the only thing that kept him from despair was the thought of his wife—the sweet, innocent girl who was waiting patiently in Hollywood for him to get well. If he could see what Hollywood had made of her, the little chirpy with the scarlet lips and brazen air, the swinging hips and the bedroom eyes—if he could see her now, I thought, he wouldn't want to get well.

IT happened that a couple of months passed before Bill Dugan and I sat again over a cocktail in the Roosevelt bar. I believe we even sat at the same table. Bill had finished his picture, and I told him I hoped it would earn a million dollars. I don't know what made me mention Nan Borden.

Bill gave me a curious look, and said, "I saw her again. I'm glad you reminded me. I want to tell you about it."

I thought he must have seen her at the studio. I knew he had used a lot of extras.

He shook his head. "No, I was walking along Hollywood Boulevard, thinking about anything in the world but Nan, when at the corner of Vine Street somebody stopped me. The last person I expected to see. Who do you think it was? Her husband—Chick. Remember, I told you about him? The boy who had to go away because of his lungs. He'd been in Arizona and had just got back. He looked the picture of health. He told me he was waiting for Nan. She had gone into a store to buy something and would be out in a minute. It seems she had told him how kind everybody had been to her. She had mentioned me especially. Chick was so grateful I was afraid he was going to cry. The funny part was he hadn't changed—not a bit. Except that he was brown and healthy-looking. It gave me quite a start, when I remembered Nan coming in here the time we saw her, looking the way she did——"

I had a clear picture of her in my mind.

"Well," said Bill, "he told me he was only staying until the next day. He had come to get Nan and was taking her away with him. He smiled a little when I asked him if he was through with Hollywood. He had found a job out there in the desert. I can't tell you how his eyes shone; he was happy all right. It can't be much of a place, but to him it's paradise. Miles away from everything."

I said, "I can't imagine a girl like Nan——"

"Oh," said Bill, smiling, "she told me she'd love it. That's what she's been dreaming about! It's a real love-story, you see, with a happy ending."

"But the girl," I pointed out; "the girl we saw——"

"When she came out of the store," Bill explained, "I thought something must be wrong with me. I couldn't believe my eyes. I give you my word, she looked exactly as she did a couple of years ago when she first came to Hollywood. She had on a simple little dress. No make-up. Nothing phony. Just a nice, sweet kid. She couldn't have been more natural and charming. She was *herself*. That other girl——"

Bill looked at the waiter and told him to make it two more of the same.

"What about her?" I asked.

"She was earning enough money to keep the boy she loved in the desert so he could get well. Think of all the waitresses and car-hops and usherettes we have in Hollywood. I guess there wasn't anything else left for her to do. All that time she was playing a part—played it like a trouper. She wrote and told Chick she was getting lots of extra work, and that everyone was helping her. He believes it. Of course he does. Every word of it. If you'd been there, as I was, when she gave me her hand and smiled and said good-bye, it was all I could do not to believe it myself. Of course," Bill added, "I felt like a perfect fool. I didn't know what to say. . . . I told them to look me up if they ever come back."

"Do you think they will?" I asked.

"Not if Nan has anything to say about it. Her last words to me were, 'I'm not a bit sorry to leave Hollywood, Mr. Dugan. After all, I know now I'll never make an actress.'"

I said, "I'm not so sure."

Bill sighed and finished his drink. "I'll tell you something. I had to keep myself from running after her. I wanted to stop her, wanted to keep her here. I'm glad I didn't. She doesn't belong to Hollywood. She's much too real. But as I watched them walking away, those two happy kids, arm in arm, I said to myself, 'There goes a *great* actress!'"

THE END

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Four Books About Women

By V. S. Pritchett

MANY pictures have been drawn of women in typical and symbolical action, yet no picture exists, so far as I know, of a Woman Flogging a Dead Horse. It is this activity which enlivens but also mars the argument of Mrs. Virginia Woolf's new book. *Three Guineas* (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.) contains letters written to three treasurers who have asked Mrs. Woolf to support a society to prevent war and preserve intellectual liberty, and two other societies, one to build a woman's college and another to help professional women to get employment. Important issues, at least the first two are. But instead of facing the main theme she eludes it for the bitter nationalism of feminism. One is reminded of the persistence of Carlyle; but where he flogged and ranted, Mrs. Woolf is a nagger. It is beautiful, accomplished and acidly ironical nagging, of course, and of the nicely documented kind. But I must confess to feeling that an important issue has been frittered away in the atmosphere of a private fuss.

For is it more than ingenious to embroider the war habit on to the economic antagonism of the sexes? Mrs. Woolf's statement of the problem suffers moreover from being confined to the daughters of the educated and wealthy. It is true that, lacking economic independence, they are forced to have a perhaps rebellious, but more often an unconscious, vested interest in economic nationalism, which is the basis of our present war-minded society. The family is their totalitarian state, the father their dictator, the brothers their storm-troopers; but do we find that independence of mind (which she supposes to arise from earning your living) is more peaceable? Have not the independent elsewhere found that liberty may have to be defended by arms? Women have been unjustly deprived of property of their own—though having had the use of property they have been the most completely irresponsible rentiers—but why should we assume that earning property they will not defend it? It seems to me that her feminism has made Mrs. Woolf mistake a caste question for a sex question. Beside her gorgeously comic, anthropological photographs of generals, bishops, heralds and professors in ceremonial uniform, who look like savages feathered and painted for the war-dance, should be placed the deadly regalia of the female of the species at Ascot and the Court. Has vanity been abolished among the nudists?

The sounder and more provocative part of the book is in the last letter, and the most readable is in the fifty pages of pungent notes at the end. She suggests a kind of unofficial General Strike of women. The war begins and they don't cheer, they don't nurse, they don't work, they don't help. They ignore. Like Mr. Robert Graves' Guards, they refuse to know the war socially. Non-co-operation, the stay-in strike — it is Gregg and Gandhi for women. But it looks to me that Mrs. Woolf, like a celebrated Hollywood idol, wants just to be alone. She is a specialist in the poetry and the pessimism of private worry, the difficulties of personal austerity and she wants a room of her own.

MISS MARY PAKENHAM belongs to a breezier school. Mary Kingsley complained that thousands were spent on her brother's education and next to nothing on hers. Miss Pakenham gives one an idea of the kind of upbringing and education which were, and presumably still are, considered adequate for a daughter of a peer, trained for the London marriage market. *Brought Up and Brought Out* (Cobden-Sanderson; 8s. 6d.) is a clever, careless autobiography of youth and a fascinating social

Lord and Lady Derwent

Lord Derwent, poet and author, and his Rumanian wife were at the enormous international-social private view of Federico Beltran-Massés' exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries

document. It bears out all Mrs. Woolf's attacks on the upbringing of nice girls. Here is an awful picture of the speechless deb dancing with the speechless Guardee and of that frantic Society where desperate mothers scream down the telephone for "men at all costs—any man." Miss Pakenham had brains enough to be cynical and connections that would get her a job anywhere. But she was bored by independence and earning her living. If one is to read a moral into this part of the book I suppose it is that Society boils you hard and leaves the nonconformist with an inferiority complex.

BETWEEN the '40's and '50's of last century, when Lady Stanley and her daughter-in-law were writing letters to each other, the aristocracy were still sitting pretty. This family lived at a beauty spot, Alderley Edge, in Cheshire, which trippers from industrial Manchester were beginning to visit. The common crowd were difficult—"Fancy Edward's horror at the idea of *people* among his beloved pheasants"—but were bearable in comparison with the cotton magnates—"for one can hardly handcuff nor great-dog them if they are intrusive and offensive," as one could, of course, do to the mob. *The Ladies of Alderley* (Edited by Nancy Mitford. Chapman and Hall; 15s.) is a delightful collection of letters. Old Lady Stanley had her feet firmly in the free-spoken eighteenth century; and her grandchildren, though protected from temptation, developed their idiosyncrasies. They became Roman Catholics, low church Anglicans, agnostics; and one turned Mohammedan and made a bigamous marriage with a Spanish dancer who lived half the time with her Spanish husband and half the time with her Englishman. He was the misanthrope of the family, who believed the House of Lords would soon be abolished and that the choice between Conservatism and Communism was imminent. Did he know Marx was, at that moment, writing away at Hampstead? There was a long and delightful feud with a recalcitrant rector called Girdlestone. His letter of resignation and his lordship's reply are models of offensive good manners. A good deal of the correspondence deals with the prolific breeding habits of these people and—not to put too fine a point on it—they knew a trick or two:

"A hot bath, a tremendous walk and a great dose have succeeded, but it is a warning," Lady Stanley's daughter-in-law writes about what her husband, in alarm, had called "a juvenile proceeding. I only hope it is not the beginning of another flock, or what to do with them I 'm sure I know not." What they did not know about was interior decoration. Alderley was infernally ugly and atrociously furnished.

IT is a woman's country world where the males move incalculably at a distance in London. Sometimes they shoot animals and run up debts; like the Bank of England, they never explain and never apologise. But how different are the Alderley ladies from Julie, the heroine of Mr. Francis Stuart's new novel, *Julie* (Collins; 7s. 6d.)? With her eyes open, this young typist devotes herself to a crook, a colonial who, in his determination to play the London game and win in it, becomes a fraudulent fire-assessor. Half of the book, until the crook's arrest, is admirable; the rest reveals the weakness in Mr. Stuart's considerable talents—it adds nothing and indicates that his is primarily a sensibility which is too wayward to trouble about the architecture of his subject. Things like his impressions of pain, the sight of a leathery grey sea, a car ride and his power to convey the halted hurt innocence of a young girl show an unaffected and exquisite truthfulness to life which few novelists have. The Julies of fiction make most novelists who tackle them either lachrymose about their chastity or embarrassing about their falls. He is not caught in these traps; indeed, his quiet avoidance of them is a kind of triumph. But some lack of will infects the book as a whole, as it infects Julie herself.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Individuality plays a large part in good dressing, and every woman should choose clothes to suit her personality. The evening dress above, for example, is particularly suited to a dark, classical type of beauty, as it is cut on very simple lines with a flowing skirt and draped corsage. It is carried out in printed satin with an ivory ground strewn here and there with huge copper and cyclamen chrysanthemums. The price is only six and a half guineas, and it comes from the stock-size department at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. Chiffon, one of this season's most fashionable materials, is used for another charming dress in powder-blue, with a shirred bodice and full drifting skirt. It also costs six and a half guineas, though there are others from four pounds. For cruising and informal summer dances, this firm is showing evening dresses in printed ottoman, yet another Edwardian revival. These frocks vary in design, some having boleros and others short sleeves. They are all very attractive, however, and only cost three pounds

Playing With Prints

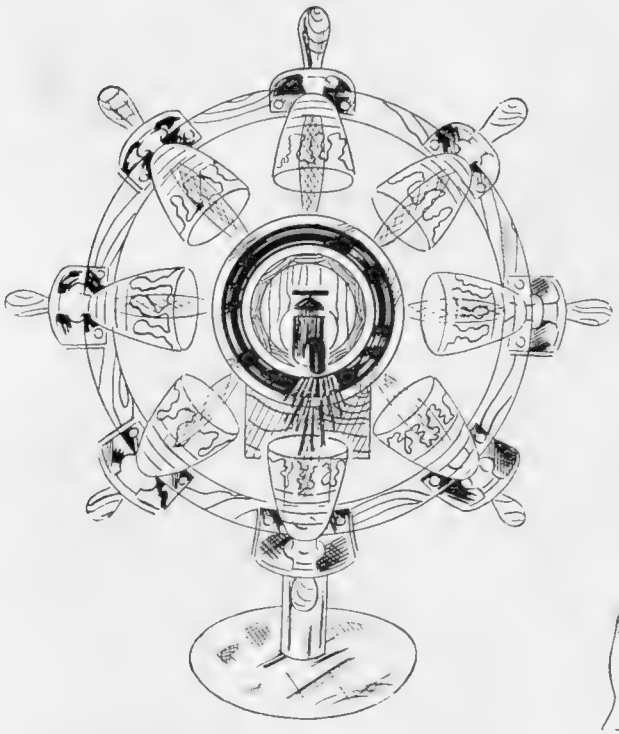
Amusing accessories make all the difference to a summer outfit, and this year they appear to be even more varied than usual. New bags appear every day, in coloured suède, calf or white peccary, some shaped like umbrellas, others like square cabinets with three separate drawers. Raw hide is now being used for handbags as well as luggage, and is very effective piped in a contrasting colour. White accessories have returned to favour, and one attractive pochette, suitable for cotton frocks and beach clothes, suggests a "matelot's" hat, as it is round and white with a red pom-pon in the centre

What could be more charming on a hot summer's day than the dress pictured above? It is made of printed crêpe de Chine with a neat, formalised flower design, and costs seven and a half guineas at Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. The skirt is cut with knife pleats, machined half-way to give a slender hip-line, and the bodice is softly gathered across the front. Brown silk net with a contrasting diamond check is used for another becoming dress with a full balloon skirt. It is also obtainable in blue with a white design, and costs six and a half guineas. The sleeves are puffed and the bodice is drawn into folds across the front. A new idea this season is to have embroidery instead of prints, and Peter Robinson are showing several dresses worked in coloured silks, from four guineas. One model in dark blue satin backed marocain is embroidered here and there with bunches of mixed tulips. It has long, tight sleeves and a bright yellow sash which picks up the colours in the embroidery

Scott Bushe

It is just as well to be prepared for cooler days and buy some sort of ensemble which is both useful and smart. The model on the right comes from Peter Robinson, and costs twelve and a half guineas. It is carried out in printed crêpe with a dark blue ground and white trellis design. The dress is very plain, with "kick" pleats in the skirt, short sleeves, and a pointed neck edged with white frilling. With it goes a full-length edge-to-edge coat in the same material, with elbow sleeves and a slightly flared skirt. Another two-piece consists of a saxe-blue dress cut on the new "gaucho" lines with a very full skirt and bodice, drawn in at the waist by a broad leather belt. It can be worn either by itself or with a printed silk coat, also gathered into a waistband and buttoning down the front. The effect is charming, particularly on a tall, slim figure, and the model, complete with coat, only costs six and a half guineas

the bystander twins in search of Novelties



Furnish your own or your friend's yacht with this handsome sherry set from the china and glass department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is designed like a ship's wheel with glasses all round and a barrel in the centre. All you do is turn the wheel and fill each glass in succession

This delightful travel bag from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, is made in still-born calfskin with beautiful brown and white markings. It is ideal for a week-end visit, and was shown at a recent exhibition of luxurious automobiles which Rootes, of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, held in their showrooms

Those who intend to spend a boating holiday should invest in this nautical blazer designed by Matita. It is made of fine navy blue jersey with real compass buttons and an embroidered pocket. The effect is charming over a white skirt, and the buttons afford endless amusement

A glass tree like the one above, covered in pink and blue blossom, is one of Marshall and Snelgrove's ideas for a table centre. It is most attractive in colouring and stands on a mirror-glass tray with grooves for either real or artificial flowers. In this case glass leaves have been substituted

Here are some unusual trimmings which Matita are showing on two of their new models. Golden ears of wheat hang like a chain of office on the suit sketched on the right. This is in brown with touches of yellow, while next to it is a white sharkskin model in which the buttons and buckle are painted like coats of arms

The Hon. R. Beckett, President

Golf Clubs at Home

Alwoodley, Leeds

Alwoodley Golf Club, near Leeds, founded in 1907, has a constitution which is probably unique: members of the committee were elected for life, and were given power to fill up vacancies. Five members of the original committee are still serving. This has worked admirably, and there can be few happier clubs. The course is 6424 yards in length, with moorland turf, plenty of heather and gorse, good bunkering, and greens famous for their excellence. The president of the Club, Mr. Rupert Beckett, is the well-known banker, chairman of the Westminster Bank, and also of the *Yorkshire Post*

(1) R. C. Wright (captain). (2) Geoffrey Wilson (ex-captain Yorkshire cricket). (3) Basil Little. (4) Robert D. Chorley. (5) C. L. Sagar-Musgrave. (6) Colonel Hugh Duncan. (7) S. E. A. Wilson (ex-captain and committee), Colonel H. D. Bonsfield (ex-captain and committee), D. L. Little (committee). (8) F. W. Gillespie (hon. sec. and ex-captain), C. W. Brown (greenkeeper for thirty-seven years). (9) J. M. S. Lister, H. M. Hepworth, W. E. Melrose, all ex-captains and committee

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Rotten Team?

WE really are a very extraordinary race. When we get beaten the general opinion is that our defeat was due to the fact that we were represented by rotten players; and when we win the reason for our success is generally stated to be because we were opposed to an even worse team. You seldom hear anyone admit that we had a good team, which was beaten by a better, or that we had a really good team which beat a team not quite so good.

The Walker Cup match played at St. Andrews at the beginning of the month is a very good example of what I mean. Before the match the few who expressed the view that we had a chance usually did so with their tongues in their cheeks. When we got home, by playing exceptionally good golf, after a most thrilling and exciting struggle, many excused their bad judgment and prophecy by saying or writing that, of course, the American team of 1938 could not be compared with its predecessors. We were told that there were no Bobby Jones, no Lawson Little, no von Elm, etc. The fact that Bobby Jones, Lawson Little, von Elm, etc., had never holed the Old Course at St. Andrews in the first round of the singles in the Walker Cup match in seventy strokes was not considered worthy of notice.

Yet this is what Charles Yates, who is not the Amateur Champion of the United States, did, and he did not appear to have to work very hard to do it. Bruen, of course, against Yates, was off his game; he could only go out in two strokes under par and found himself one down at the turn in the morning.

Johnny Goodman, apparently, if we listen to the critics, is finished as a golfer at the top of the tree; he, like Bruen, went out in 34 and lost a hole on the way. Goodman is the Amateur Champion of the United States, so his loss of form must have been very sudden.

MARVIN WARD, in his first match in his first Walker Cup match, holed the Old Course in approximately 67 strokes, including a penalty stroke for picking out of the Swilken Burn, into which he drove from the first tee. In spite of this penalty stroke, Ward did the first hole in four. The record of the Old Course at St. Andrews is 67 and the amateur record is 68. Surely more people play on the Old Course at St. Andrews per annum than on any other course in the world: consequently, more people have a chance of trying to beat the record.

Ward's total score for four rounds on the Old Course was 277. Of course, as he was engaged in match-play these scores are approximate, but as he was winning and doing numerous threes, they can with safety be taken as very near the mark. The last Open Championship at St. Andrews was won with a score of 292, and on the same course Bobby Jones won the Open of 1927 with a score of 285. On this evidence, Ward must surely be a fairly good golfer.

Ward's opponent, Frank Pennink, played better golf than very many of his predecessors in this match have ever played, and yet was nine down at lunch-time. After lunch he started perfectly with four fours, only to find that he had lost two more holes. Ward's first-round score is not without interest: he was out in 4, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 4, 3, 3=32; and home in 3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4=35, for his total of 67, which, as I have already written, included a penalty stroke at the first hole. The par score of the Old Course at St. Andrews is 73.

IN many cases perfect golf without flukes was not good enough to win matches, as several players beat the par score of the course. I asked the referee of the Thomson-Goodman match how Thomson had played, and he told me very shortly and very accurately by saying, "He had a five at the second, three threes, and all the other holes in four." Thomson was by no means the only man to play this class of golf.

Of the American team, which did not lose a single match either in the singles or the foursomes in the Walker Cup match of 1936 at Pine Valley, only four were considered good enough for the team of 1938. Reynolds Smith, who played fourth in the singles in 1936, and won his match by 11 and 9, was de-moted three places at St. Andrews and lost by 9 and 8.

R. H. de Montmorency watched the Anglo-French match at Sunningdale with André Vagliano, the non-playing captain of the French team

I CANNOT help thinking (and Francis Ouimet agrees with me) that the Americans had a very good team at St. Andrews this year, and that it was just as good as any of their previous teams.

Perhaps some day people will realise what a very good team we put in the field—or I suppose I should say, on the course—a team of good golfers, good match players, good fighters and real triers. It was also this year about the first time that the word "team" could be applied with any truth to the representatives of Great Britain in a Walker Cup match.

I wonder how long it will be before the general public will admit that Great Britain has won some match because she had a really good team which beat a really good team.

The French Team in the Fifth Anglo-French Match

Michel Carlhian (French Native Champion) and Jacques Leglise lost 9 and 8 to Crawley and Stowe in the foursomes. All the French players were defeated in the singles

Jacques de St. Sauveur and Philippe Boulart lost their match by 6 and 5 to Pennink and Ken Scott. In the singles they lost respectively to Thirsk (5 and 4) and Stowe (9 and 7)

Georges Huet and Guy de Rothschild halved with Tolley and T. J. Thirsk, the only match of the nine which the French side did not lose

All Around the Sporting Map

Bathing Belles

Starting the week's sporting tour at Monte Carlo (just for variety) here are a couple of beach beauties—Mlle. Roselyne Bellon and her sister, Agnes, who own the lovely Villa Les Primeveres at Cannes

Water-Ski Master and Pupil

A rather more strenuous Monte Carlo sport is this water-ski-ing business, demonstrated daily with great brilliance by Captain D'Arcy Rutherford. Here he places a pedagogic hand on the hip of a promising pupil, Michael Farmer, who was making his fourth run and standing up to it well

Raci

The Kennedys Again—at Wimbledon

Competitor Hors de Combat

Miss Helen Jacobs with her arm in a sling watched her side win the Wightman Cup at Wimbledon. So did Miss Kathleen Kennedy and her father, the American Ambassador

Polo-Players and Polo Spectators

Above are the Texas Rangers after their match with the Jaguars which won them the Ranelagh Open Cup. The Hon. Mrs. Keith Rous (centre) presented it to them. C. B. Wrightsman, Cecil Smith, E. H. Tyrrell-Martin and A. Roark make the Rangers team

Right: Miss D. Wrightsman and Mrs. S. Duce were watching the Rangers - Jaguars match at Ranelagh

xperts in Conference

A Small Competitor at Richmond—

Miss Christopherson drove this sturdy little trotter, called Electric Light, in the Shetland Pony Class at the Richmond Horse Show, but she didn't come in for any of the prizes

—And Two Young Winners

Rosanne Mills, granddaughter of the late Bertram Mills, and D. Mansfield were the best riders on Children's Ponies (novice), and Rosanne Mills' pony won first prize

Left: Mr. Fred Darling trains for the Hon. Peter Beatty and also for Mrs. J. A. Dewar's husband. Two days after this Gatwick snapshot, Mr. Beatty bought Foxglove II., Gold Vase winner

A Coaching-Party Coming in to Win

Mr. Bernard Mills, with a team of blacks, won the Private Coaches prize in the Richmond Marathon. With him are Mrs. Bernard Mills, Mrs. Cyril Mills, Lady Greig, Sir Louis Greig

Miss J. Colebrook won the Harness Horse Class (below) and, the day before, the Road Coaches prize, the William H. Moore Memorial Gold Cup for the Coaching Marathon, and her guard won the coach-horn prize

The Earl of Athlone Presents One of Miss Colebrook's Many Prizes

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Nairn

Chapter Two

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Winners at Nairn

Mrs. Eckford Wallace (Murrayfield) and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (Elie and Earlsferry) won the "Bystander" Scottish Foursomes by defeating Mrs. Fleming and Miss D. Herbert (to whom they conceded three strokes) by 2 and 1

THERE is no getting away from it. Some golfers are definitely first-class partners, with the gift of foursome play, and their names will be found time and again in the last stages of BYSTANDER (and other) foursomes. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery is one of these: she was runner-up, with Mrs. Auld, in the first Scottish Foursomes that were ever played, under *Eve* auspices, at Turnberry in 1924: she and Miss Susan Walker won them at Gullane in 1930, and now her name adorns the cups with a fresh partner of great merit, Mrs. Eckford Wallace. Straightness and the short game have always been extolled as the cardinal virtues in a partner: this pair emphasised that, and added a dash of relish by holing an approach and putting various shots dead out of bunkers. They beat the holders amongst other good couples; they did, in fact, all that winners should do.

To the runners-up belongs credit for beating Miss Jessie Anderson, who was afterwards to electrify Nairn with a 73 in the Quaich competition, and Mrs. Ramsay: Mrs. Fleming was hitting the ball a very long way, Miss Dorothy Herbert's short game was valuable, but the approaching of the opposition in the final was too much for them.

As for Nairn itself, the course and the place continued to call forth exclamations of delight from everybody. This year's seems not only to have been the biggest entry in the north of Scotland, but the one which players have enjoyed the most. And that says much, for Cruden Bay and Lossiemouth have always been highly popular too. Perhaps it added to the fun of the fair that the lowest-handicap pairs showed themselves so human. The ultimate winners were the only seeded couple to arrive in the prize-list, and the rank and file, who necessarily form the bulk of competitors, do naturally rejoice not so much at the fall of the mighty as the exaltation of the lowly. No explanation can be given on broad lines; Nairn is an irreproachable test of golf; the weather was not extreme, for after the first day's gale, the wind was cold rather than strong, and the rain kept kindly away. The lies were good, so were the greens. At all events, Nairn hammered one more nail in the coffin of the idea that seeding takes away the chances of the long handicaps.

GOING back to the third round, a seeded couple started the day well, for Mrs. Ballantine and Miss K. Clark, giving 6 strokes, won by 4 and 3 from Miss Macdonald and Miss Mitchell from Kilmacolm and Balmore respectively, but then came in three long-handicap pairs, Mrs. Griffiths and Miss Hodge, Mrs. J. L. and Miss H. M. Johnston—who pulled their match out of the fire after turning two down to Miss Pamela Gray and Miss Ross—and Mrs. Wallace and Miss Cameron.

Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson, the back-markers, corrected the average, for they successfully gave four strokes to Mrs. and Miss Park, playing outstanding golf to do it: just as they did in the afternoon when they gave no fewer than ten to Mrs. Wallace's side. But to keep the balance true, out went Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Ramsay to Mrs. Fleming and Miss Herbert, who received four strokes, and took their chances nobly. Miss Anderson's side was up on the way out, then her one bad shot of the round at the ninth reaped very full punishment, for they not only failed to win the hole but thereafter Mrs. Ramsay's confidence seemed completely undermined. Mrs. Fleming hit some grand drives; her twenty-yard putt at the tenth, her run-up dead at the fourteenth were chief amongst the causes of their win, not forgetting Miss Herbert's good run-up by which they won the twelfth in an excellent four.

Then came in Mrs. Campbell-Ker and Mrs. Pearcy, the twin sisters Grahame from North Berwick, who beat the long-hitting sisters Urie from Turnberry; and then another shock, when Mrs. Andrew Holm and Mrs. Stewart, giving nine strokes, were beaten 3 and 1 by Mrs. and Miss Scouler-Buchanan. As things went, the match ended the right way; Miss Buchanan is long, Mrs. was steady. They amassed a lead of five by the turn, and refused to be shaken at the disappearance of three of that fortune in quick succession. Mrs. Marr and Mrs. Greenlees gave the same number of strokes to Mrs. Waddell and Mrs. Miller, but just managed to get home.

There were two last-green wins, Miss Jordan and Miss Greenwood, and Mrs. Muirhead and Miss Fraser; Mrs. Wallace and Miss Montgomery beat Mrs. Turnbull and Miss Paterson 4 and 3; Mrs. Miller Stirling and Mrs. Reynell put out a former winner in Miss Eileen Tweedie, playing this year with

Defeated Semi-Finalists

Mrs. J. L. Johnston (Gullane) and Miss H. M. Johnston (Milngavie) were beaten in the semi-finals by the runners-up, Mrs. Fleming and Miss Herbert, by 3 and 1 in a hard-fought match

Fifth-Round Victims and a Semi-Finalist Pair

Mrs. Marr (Moray) and Mrs. Walter Greenlees (Troon), giving 11 strokes, lost by two holes in the fifth round to Mrs. J. and Miss E. Scouler-Buchanan (Moray). The latter pair were beaten in the semi-finals by the ultimate winners

Runners-up on the

Mrs. S. Fleming drove on to the Dorothy Herbert's caddie had to brassie and produce a niblick. These Troon and Cardross) were the runners-

Miss Sophie Millar; and the holders, Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Clark, were too experienced for a promising young pair, Miss Jean McIntyre and Miss Hazel McGlashan, and again in the afternoon for Mrs. Reynell's side, beating both of them by 3 and 2.

THAT afternoon out went another seeded pair, for Mrs. Ballantine and Miss Clark failed to give seven strokes to Miss Weir and Mrs. Blair, who had won by 7 and 6 in the morning, and added a 5 and 4 win to that in the afternoon. The Johnstons beat Mrs. Griffith and Miss Hodges, 2 and 1; the Scouler-Buchanans beat the Grahames.

The two excitements of the afternoon were supplied by Mrs. Fleming's side and Mrs. Greenlees'. Mrs. Fleming and Miss Herbert were quickly 4 down to Mrs. Campbell-Ker and Mrs. Pearcy, to whom they were giving three strokes; thrice they squared the match, and thrice became one down again, and only won at long last on the twenty-second. Mrs. Greenlees' side were chased with fine determination by Miss Greenwood and Miss Jordan, and perhaps only owed their win to the fact that the latter were apt to pay too prolonged visits to bunkers, because they meet no such sandy caverns on their home course of Windermere.

The Happy Idleness of Defeat

Mrs. Jamieson (St. Regulus), Valentine, Shena and Margaret Urie, from Turnberry, and the twin sisters, Violet and Sheila Grahame, from North Berwick, were all watching the final. The Grahames beat Valentine and Shena Urie in the third round, and then lost to the Scouler-Buchanans

NEXT morning it was the Johnstons' turn to go beyond the eighteenth, winning, at the twenty-first, from Miss Weir and Mrs. Blair, on level terms. It was easy to say that either side should have won before then, but the Johnstons showed the greater sticking power at the end, and that was all that mattered.

Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson Durham had the lead all the way out from Miss Herbert and Mrs. Fleming, to whom they had five strokes to give; they then suddenly wilted, and lost a great many holes in a row, to be beaten.

Mrs. Marr and Mrs. Greenlees had the biggest amount of the week to give: eleven strokes to Mrs. and Miss Scouler-Buchanan. It was too much; Mrs. Greenlees, after putting so well at first, slipped one or two at the end, and was naughty with a pitch—thus hardly does one judge the top flighters!—and the Buchanans, taking their luck while it lasted, got home on the last green.

The ultimate winners *v.* the holders was a magnificent tussle. Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Clark reached that fatal two up and five to go. Then Miss Montgomery's and Mrs. Wallace's long putts made it hard for them to hole the shorter ones, and finally, after Mrs. Wallace's three-footer at the eighteenth had sat on the lip, a puff of wind blew it in, and that was their match one up.

In the afternoon semi-final they were altogether too finished golfers for the Buchanans, but Mrs. Fleming and Miss Herbert had many vicissitudes of up and down before they got home from Mrs. and Miss Johnston, who stuck to superior length most doggedly.

THE final was particularly full of thrills and spectacular moments, beginning at the second hole, where Miss Montgomery chipped stone dead, and Miss Herbert holed a six-yard putt "in off," as our billards-playing friends say. That was two up, but Mrs. Wallace holed a four-yarder at the next and squared the match with another good one at the fifth. Away they went after that to be two up, and then came the crowning spectacle. It was the ninth, where Mrs. Wallace's side gave one of their three strokes. They failed to reach the green in two; the others were on the far edge with a drive and a pitch, so far does Mrs. Fleming hit the ball. Miss Montgomery then played the perfect pitch and run, which gently hit the pin some fifty yards away, quivered, and subsided into the hole for a "birdie" three. Mrs. Fleming near as nothing sank her long putt for the win, but it was only a half with the stroke. She holed a good putt at the next; Miss Herbert nearly did, at the next again, after Miss Montgomery had come out of a bunker stone dead, and that was square; but after that Miss Montgomery twice more put her partner dead from off the green—once out of a deep bunker—and that was more than Mrs. Fleming's side could cope with. Two and one was the just result.

Mrs. De Hamel gave away the prizes, adding to the kindnesses which she and Miss Macmillan and every other official at Nairn had showered upon us. There is no doubt that any future invitation to that delightful spot will be accepted with instant glee.

AND now I am at Sutton Coldfield, for a record Midlands championship. Such a delightful course, and such a surprise-packet, to an ignorant Southerner like myself, to find the non-qualifying list headed by Mrs. Kerslake, who is not a famous player disguised under a married name but a completely fresh discovery, who has earned L.G.U. scratch at Leicestershire and showed herself worthy of it with 76 and a truly magnificent afternoon 74 from Miss Madeline Fyshe. All about the event must wait till next week.

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ch, so Miss eathe her e (from at Nairn

Watching the Finals

Miss Hall Black, Miss E. H. Robertson Durham (Gullane) were with Mrs. Griffiths (Glenbervie) and Miss Elsie Hodge (Stirling), who were fourth-round victims of Mrs. and Miss Johnston

The Holders in an Early Match

Mrs. Rhodes (Harrogate) and Miss L. B. Clark (Silverdale) (first and third from left) beat Mrs. E. N. Cumming and Miss M. Woodburn (Dunblane New) in the second round. Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Clark, the holders, lost to the ultimate winners in the fifth round

Test Escape: *S. J. McCabe, superbly the hero of Australia's first innings, might have been out for a "duck" in the second if this ball, off Verity, hadn't found a narrow way between Hammond and Edrich. 39 runs later he was c. Hammond, b. Verity*

Triple Blue Engagement: *Robert C. Riseley, Oxford triple Blue, is marrying Angela Manning next week, so is not playing at Wimbledon this year. He and his fiancée have often played mixed doubles together in tournaments. Tennis, lawn tennis, rackets and squash rackets are his games; now he is an insurance broker*

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

THIS is going to be a very strenuous sporting week, with Wimbledon in full swing and the second Test match starting at Lord's on Friday.

Wimbledon is certain to be as interesting as ever, despite the absence of the Australian contingent, which is such a very real loss.

I discussed the prospects last week, and therefore will do no more than hope for glorious weather and great lawn tennis. Even without the Australians there are some magnificent players in the field; and men like Budge, Austin, Henkel, Menzel and Boussus, to name only five, will keep us on our toes.

As for the ladies, Great Britain's defeat in the Wightman Cup match was according to form. But Miss Stammers' grand performance against Miss Alice Marble encourages us to think that we may not be altogether out of the running.

Youngest at Wimbledon: *Sixteen-year-old Dorothy Wightman, daughter of Mrs. George Wightman, donor of the Wightman Cup, is the youngest competitor at Wimbledon this year. Plays with her mother in the doubles. Here is with Jean Nicoll, of Harrow*

THE Test match is no less interesting; and I imagine that all the roads to Lord's will be completely blocked with would-be spectators. The game at Nottingham has fairly whetted our appetite, and the Tests this year promise to be more than ordinarily exciting.

It was a pity that the groundsman's craft ruled out all possibility of a finish at Trent Bridge, though the freak scoring in that match should remind the authorities very forcibly that something must be done about the preparation of wickets. It is a pure waste of time to play Test matches on wickets so prepared that they defeat the bowlers entirely.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

The Defeated Army: *Captain A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter, Captain D. Dawnay, Captain C. T. I. Roark and Captain M. N. E. MacMullen played for the Army, Past and Present, against the Texas Rangers at Aldershot last week, and were beaten by eleven goals to six. A crowd of people came on from Ascot to watch the match*

Richmond Winner: *Bernard A. Selby's Sir Roger II., a seven-year-old brown gelding, won the Richmond Champion Cup for Hunters from a strong entry*

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Much Movement in the Air

By Charles Ward

To Australia by Flying-Boat

On July 2nd the flying-boat route as a regular schedule will be continued to Australia. On that day, Qantas Empire Airways will take over the mail from Imperials at Singapore and fly it through to Sydney by the fifth day of the month. Brisbane loses its status as the terminus of the route from England, but Sydney is a more important capital, the centre of population and the hopping-off place for New Zealand, an extension to which country is already planned. The coastal line round Australia becomes the main line from England, but trans-Continental routes through the Commonwealth will be retained for inter-State mails and passenger services. The inauguration of a British route round the world via Canada depends on the final Empire link to New Zealand and on the establishment of the coast-to-coast line from Montreal to Vancouver in B. Columbia. The latter has been organised, but a little time must elapse before it can compete on level terms with the several American services south of the border. Our trans-Pacific section must make use of American facilities. The best possible relations exist between Pan-American and Imperial Airways, both companies standing—or should it be flying?—to gain great advantages from co-operation.

Air Navigation

As instruments are improved, flying through cloud and in conditions of bad visibility becomes quite normal practice, even for pilots who have not totalled thousands of hours. In the early days of flying, when aircraft were slow and relatively unstable, a strong wind was sufficient reason to stay on the ground. To-day air navigation by instruments and without reference to the ground is taught at all of the best schools. At Hamble, a fleet of multi-engined types has been provided with special equipment for long-course students. Thirty pilots from the R.A.F., in addition to civilians, are taking the A.S.T. navigation course at the present time. It is run on similar lines to the Service School at Manston, where practical experience in the air follows training in the class-room. The new quarters and recreational facilities at Hamble make it easily the most comprehensive, and, one might almost say, luxurious, civil training centre in the world. It is luxurious in the sense that everything is of the best, and money has not been spared to interest students in sport and games when out of class. There is nothing soft about the training side—everyone who goes there has to work hard, and there is much more discipline than at the academic or scientific universities.

Coming Events

During the next two months the most pleasant events of the flying season take place. June 25th offers a variety of engagements. Both Wolverhampton and Ringway, Manchester, declare their airports open, and the latter is to be honoured by the Secretary of State, who will make the first flight. Also on the 25th is an air display at Gatwick, when numerous foreign pilots will demonstrate their skill and the R.A.F. will evolute in formation. Gatwick is easily reached by train, the airport being connected to the station by a subway. It is of ample dimensions for all types, and there is room with a view for thousands of spectators. The Royal Aero Club and the A.A. co-operate with the Magyar Touring Club to make that annual institution—the "Pilota Picnic"—a success. The hospitality of Hungary is proverbial. Club members and owner-pilots should not miss the Picnic, from June 28th to July 1st. Details can be obtained from the A.A. The Aero Golfing Society competes for the Jubilee Cup at Sandwich on June 30th. Saturday, July 2nd, is King's Cup Day, on which final details will be published next week.

Gliding at Dunstable

From July 9th to 17th the National Gliding contests will be staged at Dunstable, which is the headquarters of the London Club. Gliding is a sport entirely free from commerce. Many of the sailplanes are built by members or by firms as a private venture. Engineers and doctors, Army officers and R.A.F. pilots, merchants and bankers, are numbered amongst gliding enthusiasts. Mr. P. A. Wills, holder of the British distance record of 206 miles and a height record of 11,000 ft., will fly in the competitions. Miss Amy Johnson and Mrs. Price, who was Miss Joan Meakin, are amongst the women entrants. Seven teams are competing in the inter-club events, and of the thirty aircraft, twenty-two are British and eight were built in Germany. Accommodation has been arranged for 100,000 spectators and 40,000 cars. Cannes has a Rally on July 14th and 15th, and Deauville from July 16th to 18th.

The Royal Dutch

From Monday next, June 27th, the K.L.M. service—Liverpool, Manchester, Doncaster, Amsterdam—is reopened. Prague in 6½ hours, Berlin and Vienna in eight hours, are some of the attractions offered from the North of England. Doncaster to Berlin costs ten guineas; and Manchester to Vienna, £14. Fast American-built liners are employed, each with a stewardess in attendance. Warsaw has been moved nearer to London. K.L.M., in co-operation with Lufthansa and Lot, the Polish national air company, offer London to Warsaw, with lunch in Berlin, for £14 10s., the time being twelve hours precisely. There is a direct connection at Copenhagen for Norway by flying via Royal Dutch on the "Scandinavian Air Express."

The Household Brigade Flying Club held its annual landing competition at Denham Aerodrome, which is owned by Dr. Myles Bickerton. Captain S. E. Harrison is on the left, with Mrs. A. Kinlock and Mrs. R. L. Preston, wife of the Club's flying secretary

The R.A.F. Garden-Party

A very pleasant occasion for meeting old Service friends has been arranged for Saturday, July 2nd. A garden-party will be held at Trent Park, New Barnet, to which officers of the R.A.F., all other associated branches of the Air Arm, widows of R.A.F. officers, wives of serving officers, and children over sixteen years of age, are invited. Unmarried officers may take one friend. Tickets are five shillings each and may be obtained from the Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry. The party has been organised by the wives of members of the Air Council, and Sir Philip Sassoon is lending his home grounds for the event. Those who are attending the King's Cup Race at Hatfield might care to note that Trent Park is within twenty-five minutes' motoring distance. Sir Kingsley Wood will be present.

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Switzerland is my happy testing ground. I recommend it for your next tour if you're looking for steep hills! Those mountain passes soon tell you if there's any tendency to overheating.

Some of the Black Forest roads, not to mention some of the off-the-beaten-track Dutch and Belgian pavé, are a good test of springs, whilst the new German Autobahnen will 'blow-up' any engine if it's at all that way inclined.

You may have read in the 'Autocar' of my trip when I was accompanied by the Editor of that paper. Although we were prepared for the worst, 'nowt 'appened' (as they say in Lancashire). Which proved the design was right anyway."

Cecil Kimber

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

A WEEK to-day, George Eyston leaves once more for the Bonneville Salt Flats. His car, "Thunderbolt," is already on its way, and Eyston has put in many months of hard work on it since his return last winter after capturing the world's land-speed record at 312 m.p.h. I do not think it is fair to make wild statements as to hoped-for speeds before Eyston has had a chance to try out, in actual practice, some of the radical modifications which he has effected on his car at Tipton since its last trip, but I can tell you this much—he believes he can set a new record at such a high level that his friendly rivals, Cobb and Jenkins, will be discouraged.

Eyston will be the first of the trio to make a run this year, and he will be followed shortly after by the American, Ab Jenkins, whose new car, built specially for this attempt, is said to embody front- and rear-wheel drive and a body off-set to the left. The driver will sit in a totally-enclosed seat and the car will have a large fin and rudder. When both Eyston and Jenkins have made their attacks on the record, John Cobb will take out his Railton, with its amazing, "kinked" chassis-frame and its ultra-flat streamline shell. And in between times, Eyston and Jenkins will be up against each other in a grand tussle for long-distance records, the American being particularly anxious to take from our man the twelve-hours' record of 163·68 m.p.h.

It certainly looks as though the salt beds are going to be busier this summer than ever before. Actually, there are in all thirty-one world's records which the various contenders might take, but how many of these they are proposing to attack is conjectural at the time of writing.

It seems unlikely that anyone will try to better the late Bernd Rosemeyer's incredible 223·9 m.p.h. for the standing start 10 miles, and I very much doubt whether anyone intends to run for the 10,000 miles of Marchand, Fortin and Voillant at 89·71 m.p.h. or the 10,000 kilometres of Jenkins and Stapp at 148·97 m.p.h., but there is quite a chance that most of the other figures shown in the accompanying list may be improved upon.

World's Unlimited Records

RECORD		M.P.H.
1 mile	Eyston	311·42
10 miles	Rosemeyer	223·9
50 miles	Jenkins	170·27
100 miles	Jenkins	175·11
200 miles	Jenkins	177·43
500 miles	Jenkins	170·83
1000 miles	Jenkins	168·11
2000 miles	Eyston-Denly	163·75
3000 miles	Jenkins-Meyer	158·37
4000 miles	Jenkins-Stapp	150·53
5000 miles	Jenkins-Stapp	149·42
10,000 miles	Marchand and Others	89·71
1 hour	Jenkins	177·05
3 hours	Jenkins	170·94
6 hours	Jenkins	168·15
12 hours	Eyston-Denly	163·68
24 hours	Jenkins-Meyer	157·27
48 hours	Jenkins-Stapp	148·63
1 kilometre	Eyston	312·20
5 kilometres	Campbell	292·12
10 kilometres	Campbell	238·67
50 kilometres	Jenkins	166·38
100 kilometres	Jenkins	171·96
200 kilometres	Jenkins	177·43
500 kilometres	Jenkins	172·88
1000 kilometres	Jenkins	171·58
2000 kilometres	Eyston	163·60
3000 kilometres	Eyston-Denly	163·49
4000 kilometres	Jenkins-Meyer	159·13
5000 kilometres	Jenkins-Meyer	157·80
10,000 kilometres	Jenkins-Stapp	148·97

RETURNED from my first experience of a Scottish Rally, I can well understand why everyone who has ever competed in one is emphatic about this event being immeasurably the most enjoyable Rally of the year.

To begin with, the whole thing is planned intelligently. Night sections are eliminated, which means not only that the drivers are saved from that icy-eyelid kind of fatigue (than which no motoring experience is more horrible), but also it ensures that driver and passenger are both fresh enough each day to appreciate to the full the incomparable scenery through which the cars are led. I do not believe that the view from the summit of Tornapress can be excelled for sheer beauty by any view in the world.

The social arrangements are delightful throughout, and the competitors' convenience is studied to a wonderful extent.

It must not be assumed from this that the Scottish Rally does not put a premium upon good cars and good driving, for the tests are really searching ones, and some of the little-frequented roads traversed find out weaknesses alike in the cars and their drivers.

The 30-h.p. Jensen tourer which I took through this year's "Scottish" is one of those comparative rarities—a car which "looks a million" and performs at least as well as it looks. In competitions which embrace eliminating tests *and* a coachwork competition, it is all too common to find among the entries cars which are gingerly driven round the road course, their drivers making no effort whatsoever to "put up a show" in the tests, the obvious objective of such mobile boudoirs being the Concours d'Élégance at the finish. At the other end of the scale, we all know those impudent, cut-away apologies for the term "automobile" which achieve shattering performances in the tests and have never been entered for the coachwork side of things at all.

That is where I raise my hat to the Jensen. Its times in all the special tests, against dozens of super-sports cars, were so creditable that it secured fifth place in its class,

(*Concluded on page* ii)

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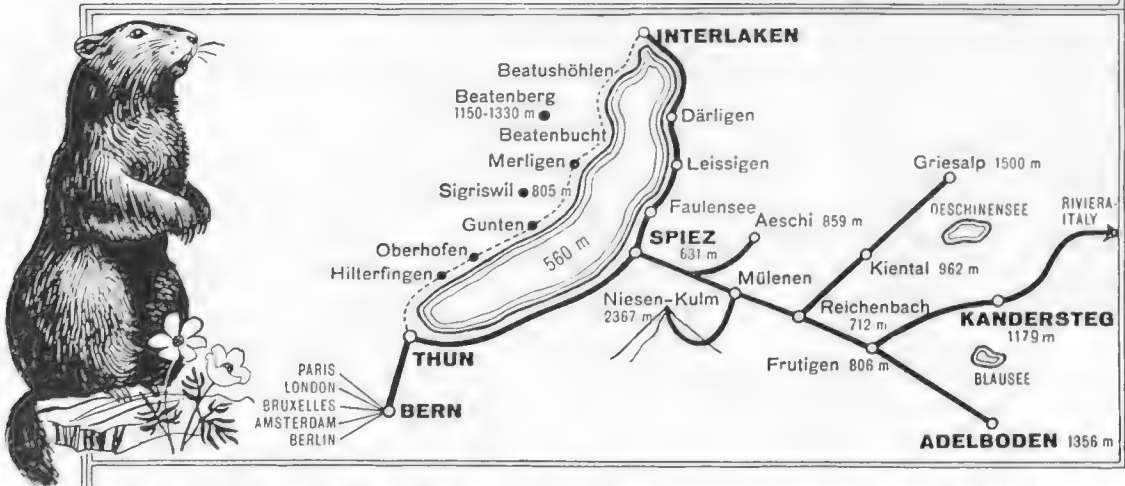

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COVENT GARDEN

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page 488)*

Coachwork winner: *Maurice Newnham, managing director of the Triumph Company, won first prize in the coachwork class for open cars priced £250-£500 at the Empire Exhibition Motor Rally with his two-litre Triumph Dolomite roadster coupé*

while it so impressed the coachwork judges with its beauty that in the Concours it was beaten in its class only by a car costing between twice and three times as much as itself.

I referred just now to the social side of the Scottish Rally. On the second morning, at Strathpeffer, I saw a good deal of this, for some of my friends (sic!) had unscrewed the number from my bedroom-door overnight and had replaced it with the word "Bathroom," removed from another door. It was not until I had been bewildered by a succession of early-morning callers, each of whom backed out of the room full of apologies, that I discovered the reason for these repeated attentions!

I HAVE been asked by the Royal Automobile Club to draw attention to the ambiguous manner in which the figures contained in the recent Home Office return relating to motoring offences have been presented to the public.

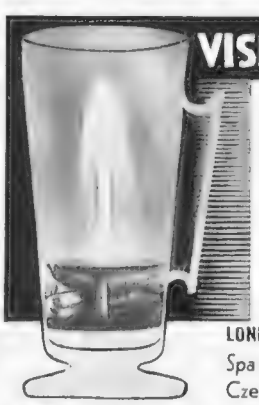
It is pointed out, for example, that the statement is made that the total number of motoring offences in England and Wales in 1937 was 579,170. Actually, this was the number of prosecutions, the total number of convictions being only 383,507, a difference of nearly 200,000.

Similarly, the number of offences under the heading of Dangerous Driving was reported as having been 10,003, and for Careless Driving 33,723. The number of convictions, however, were 4952 and 20,993 respectively. The same discrepancy is evident in the figures for other offences.

Despite such anti-motoring bias as is evidenced from the Bench every day in courts all over the country, and despite the false impressions created in the minds of non-motorists by slipshod presentation of statistics by official Government departments, the motor industry of Great Britain remains our third most important industry. A tribute, surely, to the men who direct it.

A MOTORING book with a difference has lately fallen into my hands. This is *This England of Ours*, by H. W. Eley. Actually, the book is a series of delightfully informal but extremely informative chats about England, county by county.

The author is an experienced motorist and a born wayfarer. Although he imparts a wealth of detail—just the sort of thing the average motorist likes to know about the country through which he is passing—Mr. Eley never for one instant becomes "guide-booky." He is observant in a delightfully fresh way, and I sincerely recommend this volume, which Newnes and Co. publish at 3*s.* 6*d.*, as a most desirable motoring "accessory."



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Summer Sport *(Continued from page 484)*

We have emphasised this before. The authorities know it to be true: and yet nothing effective is done about it. Either we must play Test matches to a finish on these shirt-front wickets—though if this is done the luck of the toss is far too likely to decide the result of the game—or, alternatively, we must limit the number of days, preferably to five, and see to it that some life is left in the turf.

The Nottingham affair became in the end a farce and negatived all the great cricket of the first three days. Still, we must count our blessings; and the first thing to be grateful for is a young England team which has never heard of an inferiority complex.

ENGLAND looked the better side all round, there 's no doubt of that. And the Australians themselves are generously enthusiastic about the quality of our young players. Hutton, Compton, and Wright, in particular, made good, and Edrich is so fine a player that his day will surely come.

The presence of these youngsters in the field made an astonishing difference to England's attacking potentialities. For once in a way England looked even more aggressive and efficient than Australia; and it 's not merely optimism which makes me think that we have a really great side in the making.

Most interesting was the bowling of young Wright, who proved that he has the Test match temperament in abundance. It 's strange how some players rise to the big occasion; and Wright, hammering away at Bradman and McCabe and the rest of them, looked a vastly more dangerous bowler than he does in county cricket. The length of his quick leg-breaks and googlies never faltered, and even when the Australian batsmen had ruthlessly dug themselves in, he always seemed likely to produce a really destructive ball. He beat Bradman himself several times and might have caught him off his own bowling; and his performance altogether was most encouraging.

Equally heartening was Compton's innings, for Compton played with all the assurance and discretion of a veteran. It might be as well if the Selectors told these youngsters of ours that they were certain of their places for this series of Test matches, so that they could settle down to consolidate without feeling that they were fighting for recognition.

ACTUALLY, the outstanding feature of a remarkable match was McCabe's wonderful innings on the third day. I spoke to many people about it, people who had seen Test matches in this country and Australia over a long period of years; and all were agreed that McCabe gave us one of the greatest batting displays that big cricket has ever seen. It was tremendous in its power and courage and certainty, and I have never seen such beauty of stroke-production so consistently maintained by a right-handed batsman. I say "right-handed batsman" because, in talking of graceful strokes, we must inevitably think of such left-handers as Frank Woolley. If I tell you that McCabe was as good to watch as Woolley at his best, you will appreciate something of his quality.

Despite McCabe, however, and Bradman as well, we came away from Nottingham feeling that England have a grand chance of regaining the Ashes.

THERE is one other event this week which will hold our attention—and that is the world heavyweight championship fight between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling this evening.

It is odd to find Louis starting as nine to five odds-on favourite, after the terrific hammering he took from Schmeling when last they met.

The critics say, however, that Louis has improved greatly as a boxer, whereas Schmeling, with the years, has gone back. It will certainly be a remarkable triumph for Schmeling if, at the age of thirty-two, he can regain the world title. He may well do it, for, whatever the critics may say, the beating he gave Joe Louis must give him a big moral advantage. The negro can't have forgotten Schmeling's dynamite right, which hit him so hard and hurt him so badly when they met before. If Schmeling finds an opening for that right early in the fight, Louis' number will be up. I should say, though, that the odds are about evens. But it promises to be a magnificent battle.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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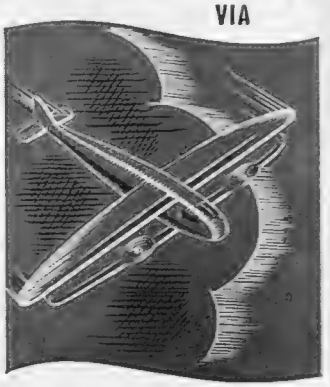

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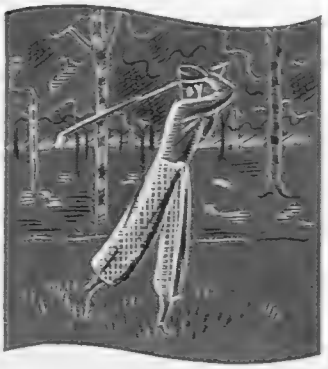

ALL SPORTS—TWO GOLF LINKS — POLO — TENNIS — INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS—PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN — HORSE SHOW — RACES — AUTOMOBILE CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS:
Sat., July 16, and Sun., July 17, AERIAL "RALLY" from Great Britain to Deauville under the patronage of the Royal Aero Club. July: IMPORTANT GOLF TOURNAMENTS. July — August — September: 34 days of HORSE RACES on 2 courses—5,000,000 francs in prizes.
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Modern Aids to Beauty

Vary Your Perfume

WOMEN as a whole are very conservative on the subject of perfume, and will often insist on using the same scent year in year out. But it was her "infinite variety" which gave Cleopatra enduring charm, and every woman can present intriguing new facets of her personality by the skilful choice of perfume. For all important and exotic occasions she should use Guerlain's "L'Heure Bleue," which is colourful, mysterious and faintly oriental. It will not only accentuate her individuality but linger about her, subtle and elusive. A few drops behind the ears and on the handkerchief are sufficient by day, while it should be used rather more lavishly at night. The complete series of beauty products with the same exquisite fragrance have been created by Guerlain, so that no woman can have any excuse for mixing her perfumes. There is talcum powder at three and sixpence, bath dusting powder at ten and sixpence, and toilet water at thirty-seven and sixpence a bottle. Face powder which spreads evenly and clings like a second skin is obtainable in six becoming shades, including Tea Rose and Ibis, a light tan for summer sunburn. Guerlain are also famous for their delightful soaps, which are perfumed only with natural essences. This means that they will blend with any perfume and never strike a discordant note. "Flowers of the Alps" is a new fragrance which is particularly refreshing at this time of year; it reminds one of Switzerland in spring-time, when the Alps are carpeted with flowers. There is also "Pré Fleuri," with the scent of freshly mown hay, and "Bouquet des Hesperides," which reminds one of the rind of exotic fruits such as bergamot. A box of three tablets is available for seven and sixpence, and, like all Guerlain's preparations, this soap is sold practically everywhere.

For Summer Sunburn

MOST people's ambition during the summer months is to acquire if not the mahogany appearance of a Red Indian, at any rate a healthy tan, yet with delicate skins this often leads to severe sunburn and blistering, unless some protective lotion such as Larola is applied. This is an excellent complexion milk which is nourishing as well as soothing. It cleanses the pores of all waste products, which if left in the skin would result in unsightly blemishes, and provides a mild stimulus to sagging muscles. A consistent course of morning and evening massage with Larola is wonderfully effective in preventing the sudden appearance of small lines and crow's-feet. Applied before sunbathing, it forms a thin protective film, which prevents over-burning. It is available in two sizes at one and sixpence or half a crown, and is obtainable practically everywhere or direct from M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.

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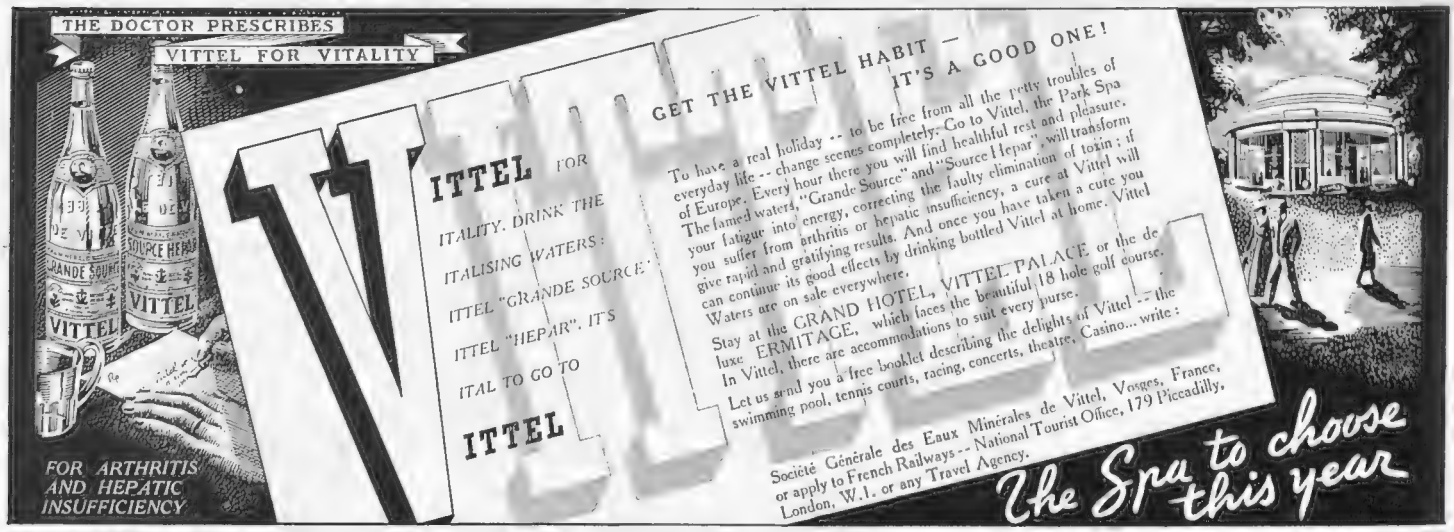

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Boothby — Homfray

Hugo Boothby, only son of Sir Seymour Boothby, Bt., and Lady Boothby, of Fonmon Castle, Glamorgan, and Ann Homfray, only daughter of H. C. R. Homfray, Master of the Glamorgan, and Mrs. Homfray, of Penllyn Court, Glamorgan, were married at Cowbridge

Walker — Hawley

Lieut. Charles Peter Graham Walker, R.N., son of the late C. G. Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Chesterton, Redbourn, Herts., and Pamela Marcia Hawley, daughter of the late G. W. Hawley, of Cape Town, and Mrs. Hawley, of Selsdon Park, Sanderstead, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Egerton Jones — Roberts

Thomas Egerton Jones, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Egerton Jones, of Groombridge, Sussex, and Pamela E. N. Roberts, daughter of the late Norman Roberts and Mrs. G. E. Mansfield, 3, Officers' Quarters, Ordnance Depot, Bramley, Hants., were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Wayne — Gurney

Robert Frederick Wayne, only son of G. D. Wayne, of Tytherleigh, Axminster, and the late Mrs. Wayne, was married at Bawdeswell to Pleasance Gurney, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Q. E. Gurney, of Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk

Cleary — Williams-Bulkeley

Hubert Alfred Cleary, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cleary, of Brighton, and Victoria Williams-Bulkeley, daughter of the late Major R. G. Williams-Bulkeley and Mrs. Roland Norman, of Bylsborough, Henfield, Sussex, were married at Storrington, Sussex

Boyle — Fuller

Patrick J. S. Boyle, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Captain the Hon. James Boyle and Viscountess Trenchard, of Dancers Hill House, Barnet, married Mary Elizabeth Fuller, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fuller, of Great Chalfield, Melksham, Wilts., at All Saints, Great Chalfield

Mackay — Whyte

John Mackay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mackay, of Theddon Grange, Alton, Hants., and Joan Elisabeth Whyte, elder daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Whyte, of 35, Great Cumberland Place, W.1, were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square

Barneby — Bromilow

Richard Paul Barneby, son of the late Richard H. Barneby, of Longworth, Hereford, and Vera Bromilow, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Bromilow, of Black Park, Chirk, Wrexham, were married at St. Mary's, Chirk

Grist — Bruton

Digby Angus Grist, Gloucestershire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Digby Grist, of The Windmill House, Minchinhampton, Glos., and Shirley Anstruther Bruton, daughter of the late B. V. Bruton and Mrs. Bruton, of Long Cottage, Box, Wilts., were married at Minchinhampton

Brighouse — Smethurst

Ralf Moore Brighouse and Ursula Wintringham Smethurst were married at St. Lawrence's, Ulceby, Lincs. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brighouse, of Redhill, Worcester. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. W. Smethurst, of Thornton Hall, Ulceby

Gayer — Luard

Charles Murray Gayer, of the Uganda Administrative Service, and Mary Clarissa Luard, only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. B. Luard, of Woodlands, Little Baddow, Essex, were married at Little Baddow

Williams — Osmond

Wing-Commander Thomas Williams, R.A.F., and Patricia Joan Osmond were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride's parents are Wing-Commander E. Osmond, R.A.F. (ret.), and Mrs. Osmond, of Brendon, Marsh Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex

Helme — Brook

There was a Yorkshire wedding (at St. John's, Bentham) when Alexander Helme, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Helme, of Beaumont, Carnforth, Yorks., married Lesley Eleanor Brook, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. J. Brook, of the Ridding, Bentham, Yorks.

Brocklebank — Becke

Giles R. Brocklebank, Royal Artillery, son of the late R. E. Brocklebank and Mrs. Brocklebank, of Poulton Royd, Bebington, Cheshire, and Kathleen Enid Becke, daughter of Major Jack Becke, Chief Constable of Cheshire, and Mrs. Becke, of Hartford Hall, were married at Hartford Parish Church

Trench — Agnew

Brian Morley Trench, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. C. Trench, of Stoke Manor, Great Bedwyn, Wilts., and Harriet Milward Agnew, elder daughter of the late John L. Agnew and Mrs. Agnew, of Slickaway Farm, York Mills, Ontario, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Balston — Ward-La Touche

M. C. Balston and Pamela Annette Ward-La Touche were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. His parents are Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. Balston, of Caring House, Leeds, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Ward-La Touche, of Etchala, St. Jean-de-Luz, France

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 22—June 28

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giraudoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

COMÉDIENNE.—Ivor Novello's new play stars Lilian Braithwaite, supported by Fabia Drake and Barry Jones: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—Clifford Odets' tragedy about a virtuoso who is cursed in his career and in love, comes from the U.S.A. with a huge reputation: St. James's.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Nora Swinburne and Cecil Parker as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARRIAGE.—Gogol's play of nineteenth-century Russia has Cecil Trouncer, Mark Dignam, Isobel Scaife in the cast: Westminster, 8.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Jock McKay is Bottom, Oriel Ross is Helena, Margaret Dulac is Hermia: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SUN NEVER SETS.—West Africa makes a fine schoolboy spectacle to the *Sanders of the River* story; Leslie Banks and Edna Best are somewhere there: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 8.30.

TRUMPETER, PLAY!—The theme—Anglo-German; tension—topical; the handling—sympathetic but pointless; the actors—Cathleen Nesbitt, Malcolm Keen, Leon M. Lion: Garrick, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITE SECRETS.—A kind of Arctic *Journey's End*, with an all-male cast, presented by Maurice Browne: Fortune, 8.15.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

8.45 AND ALL THAT.—A new intimate revue with a good cast of twelve, including Greta Gynt, Robert Eddison, Charles Heslop: Royalty, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—The new ice show is more elaborart and more connected than the last: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Geneva and the League is the background for this tuneful musical, with Gertrude Niesen, Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Fritzi Massary, Peggy Wood, Griffith Jones, Irene Vanbrugh, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 106.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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This gypsy orchestra from Budapest is playing every night at the Hungaria

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

SEXES AND SERVANTS.—Marc Daly and Mai Bacon lead in a play about a greyhound trainer and his henpeck wife: Vaudeville, Tues., 28th.

THE TEMPEST.—Philip Merivale as Prospero, Sylvia Marriott as Miranda: Open Air Theatre, Tues., 28th.

CINEMAS

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll's newest film is with Henry Fonda and is set in warring Spain: London Pavilion.

CONVICT 99 (British).—The Will Hay film runs on: Tivoli.

THE DEVIL'S PARTY (American).—Victor McLaglen and Beatrice Roberts are in this, which doubles with *Sinners in Paradise*, John Boles and Madge Evans on a South Sea Island: Leicester Square.

THE DRUM (British).—Sabu and the British Army on the North-West Frontier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier as an electrician who makes good in music-hall; directed with brilliant gaiety by Julien Duvivier: Berkeley.

KATE PLUS TEN (British).—An Edgar Wallace crook-comedy: Jack Hulbert is the detective and Genevieve Tobin the crook; also *Swing, Teacher, Swing*: Plaza.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michele Morgan are the players: Curzon.

PENITENTIARY (American).—A prison-life thriller with a love-story, with Walter Connolly, John Howard, Jean Parker: Regal.

PORT OF THE SEVEN SEAS (American).—Wallace Beery in a water-front setting, with Maureen O'Sullivan and John Beale supplying romance: Empire.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Czechoslovakia Prepares*: Academy.

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY (American).—Three show-girls in search of love and success (Alice Faye, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver): Gaumont.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (American).—Edward G. Roninson and a hilarious gang of crooks bring Damon Runyon characters to the screen: Odeon.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

YOU AND ME (American).—Two ex-convicts make good (George Raft and Sylvia Sidney): Carlton.

OPERA and BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE:

Three Mozart operas and a Verdi and Donizetti alternate in the lovely setting of a rural opera house (see dailies for times and train departures).

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A six weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas: Scala, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RUSSIAN BALLET at Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SYLPHIDES, COQ D'OR, PRINCE IGOR: Wed., 22nd, matinée.

SYLPHIDES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, CHOREARTIUM: Wed., 22nd.

CIMAROSIANA, COQ D'OR, MIDNIGHT SUN: Thurs., 23rd.

CENT BAISERS, OISEAU DE FEU, PRINCE IGOR: Fri., 24th.

CENT BAISERS, MARIAGE D'AURORE, CIMAROSIANA: Sat., 25th, matinée.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, MARIAGE D'AURORE: Sat., 25th.

LAC DES CYGNES, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, PRINCE IGOR: Mon., 27th.

CENT BAISERS, OISEAU DE FEU, MIDNIGHT SUN: Tues., 28th.

ERESOINKA.—Basque music and dances given by an excellent company of singers and dancers; a fascinating and well-produced entertainment: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORT

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: Olympia, to 25th.

THE SECOND TEST MATCH: Lord's, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th.

WIMBLEDON, the Championships: to July 2nd.

GREYHOUND RACING DERBY: White City, June 25th.

POLO: Hurlingham Champion Cup, to 25th.

Ranelagh Novices' Cup, to 25th.

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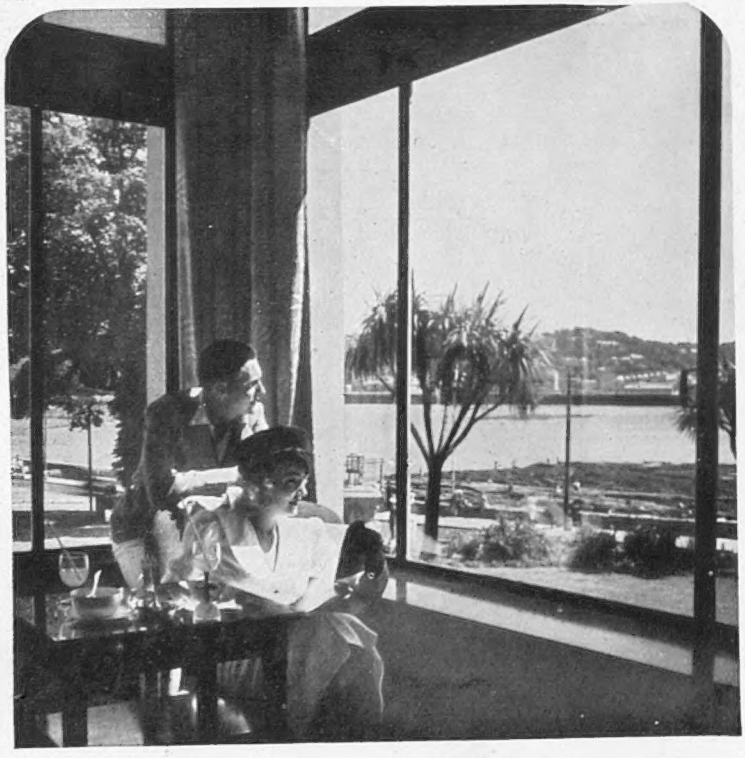

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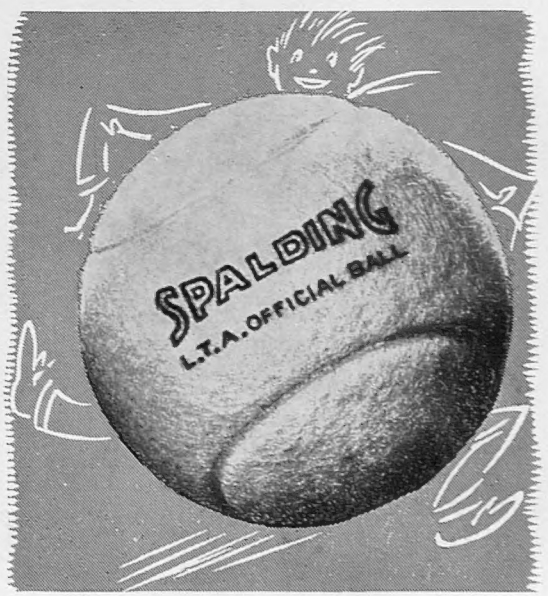

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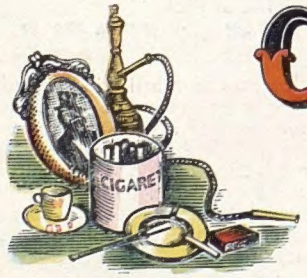

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